

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD STREET.

Edmund Deacon,
Henry Peterson,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1857.

EVENING POST.

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

Established August 4, 1821.
Whole Number Issued 1861.

Original Novel.

THE WITHERED HEART.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1857, by T. S. Arthur, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VIII.

The house was taken, the furniture purchased, and the new home prepared for the young bride and her husband. Taste, comfort, and elegance were visible everywhere. With an appearance of interest that altogether deceived Mr. Hardy, and to some extent her parents, Jane had entered into the business of selecting and arranging the furniture. For the space of three or four weeks, nearly her whole time was taken up in this work; and, to some extent, her thought was that she was doing lifted her above the darkness that brooded over her spirit, and gave to her manner a cheerfulness that was but a mockery of her real state.

When came the formal change from the old to the new home. To her it was like the going forth of the dove from the ark. Before and around her—everywhere within the range of her keenly searching vision—stretched out a dreary waste of troubled waters, above which not even the starry peak of an Ararat was visible. But she was from the warm, loving atmosphere of the old home, into the new one, and felt the chilling air strike coldly upon her heart, without a visible tear or a fluttering footstep.

The home gained by Mr. Hardy, under the too agreeable influence of a strong self-will that hesitated to break where it could not bend, failed, from the beginning, to reach the warm atmosphere so fondly cherished. The sun he had expected to shine, and fill every chamber with light and warmth, failed to do so. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

He had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there. The light that he had expected to see, and the hand he had expected to feel, were not there.

men. He rarely abandoned a purpose, though it was his custom to gain his ends rather by smiling policy, than by force; combative, in the technical sense, not being large. There was something, too, of williness about him, that enabled him to gain his ends without exciting opposition, and to lead men, while of their guard, to work towards the accomplishment of his favorite schemes. Thus he was a tyrant, without boldness; seeking to rule, yet coveting the good opinions of the very men he would bend to his will.

But tyrants of his class usually lay aside at home some of the more exterior veils that hide their real quality from the eyes of men. Having secured their wives, they commence at once the work of ruling them. Pride—or what they regard as manliness—will not permit them to pursue the same course at home that is pursued by them in the world. No smooth policy, no smiling duplicity, no seeming acquiescence where the real purpose remains strong as ever, mark their conduct in the family circle. There the uttered word becomes the changeless law.

The quality of persistence, in Mr. Hardy's character, to which we have referred, strengthened as it was through deficient perceptions, made the case of his unhappy young wife a hopeless one. He was not able, from the peculiar nature of his mental organization, to see any cause for her singular state of mind, but thwarted self-will. It was plain to him that, having been permitted in the home of her childhood, to do pretty much as she pleased—to rule her parents through appeals to their partial love—she now sought to attain the same control over her husband—and falling from the start in this, was now using a woman's powerful weapons against him. The very thought filled his mind with anger towards the gentle one he was wronging so deeply; and he resolved that, come what would, he must be conqueror in the struggle, if the contest went on to the day of death!

Thus he closed his mind to the possibility of ever comprehending her true state, and regarded every wall of anguish that went up from her bleeding heart as the iron grasp in which he held it grew daily tighter and tighter, as only the mad cry of a yet untamed spirit, in which the hope to rule was yet a struggling passion! If she bore up calmly, yet sadly, seeking to perform every external duty faithfully in the sight of heaven; he cherished anger against her, because she was not smiling and cheerful. If she sunk down, as was not unfrequently the case, into impassive, dark and gloomy states, refusing even a word in answer to anything he might say—remaining thus, sometimes, for weeks together—he saw only a changing phase of art. It was fine acting! Under such a discipline, it is no cause of wonder that in many respects the character of Mrs. Hardy underwent a change; and that even to her parents she seemed at times to deport herself in a strange, if not unreasonable manner. As for her own conscious states, they were, as may be supposed, often of the darkest character. There were periods when reason tottered—when thought was a blank—when all around her was a bewildering maze, and she groped about like a blind man who has lost his way.

How often, oh, how often! in these hours of midnight gloom—when it seemed as if the very sun that lit up the heavens of nature, was fading—did she enter into her closet and shut the door, and pray unto Him who seeth in secret—beseeching Him for light to see by; for strength to walk the rugged path she was treading; for a willing heart to do her duty. Sometimes she came from her closet with a clearer mind and a stronger heart; and sometimes with so crushed and hopeless a feeling, that her life seemed perishing. And so the days went on, the distance between herself, her husband, and happiness, growing ever wider and wider—the future growing darker and darker—and mocking hope flitting far in the distance as a dusky image, in the form of death.

CHAPTER IX.

We must come down to a closer view—must observe this couple, so unequally yoked together, in some of the events of their daily lives, in order more clearly to comprehend the nature of that mental malady which, as we have seen in the beginning, was a mystery to those who were unable to see below the surface.

There had been no yielding on the part of Mr. Hardy up to the time when he removed his young bride to the new home in which he expected to find so much of life's real enjoyments. Around the world home clustered, in his mind, a world of felicities. It involved his highest earthly ideal. Wife—children—home! How often had these words found an utterance in his heart, and an echo on his lips. Possessing these, he felt that he could defy the world. When, therefore, his first proposition to commence housekeeping failed to receive a ready acquiescence on the part of his betrothed, whose timid nature shrunk from the thought of going at once forth from the home of her childhood and riparian maiden years, alone with her husband, he, unable to perceive and rightly appreciate her true state of mind, permitted his feelings to be ruffled with disappointment. He even went so far, in his own thought, as to pronounce her conduct selfish and unreasonable. The admission of such a thought was a bad omen for the future.

On the day of their removal from Mrs. Hardy's old home to the new one which had been provided, the pressure on Mrs. Hardy's feelings was so great, that a sunny countenance was impossible. She had intended to appear cheerful and interested; to manifest not even a shade of reluctance; to hide the troubled aspect of her spirit from every one. Alas! this was impossible. She had no skill in dissembling. She knew that the searching eyes of her husband were upon her, watching every changing hue in her countenance; and she felt that he saw deeper than the surface.

It was in the forenoon of a fair autumn day, that Mrs. Hardy, accompanied by her mother

and husband, stepped into a carriage, by which they were conveyed to the elegant habitation that was to be the bride's new home.

"I ought to be a happy wife," These were the mental words of Mrs. Hardy, as the carriage moved away from the old home. And yet, even as she said this, she shrank back in the carriage, and drew her veil over her face, lest tears, that it seemed impossible to restrain, should suddenly gush from her eyes. Mr. Hardy noticed the movement, and he understood it as indicating a pained and reluctant state.

Arrived at the house, Mr. Hardy remained only a short time. Business called him elsewhere.

"I leave my young housekeeper to take her first lessons under your instructions," he said, with a smile, and in a pleasant tone, to Mrs. Enfield. "She is timid, and fearful that she will not do well, but I am ready to trust all in her hands. Don't you think we ought to be very happy here?"

And he glanced around upon the elegant adornments of the room in which they stood.

"Happiness comes always from within," replied Mrs. Enfield in a low, thoughtful voice. "Yes," she added, after an almost imperceptible pause; "you ought to be very happy here; and may Heaven grant you that great blessing."

"Nothing in my power to give shall be wanting," said Mr. Hardy; and he looked towards his young wife.

She was standing with her eyes upon the floor, and neither looked up nor responded.

"Good morning!" Mr. Hardy spoke cheerfully. "Business first—pleasure afterwards; I must away."

And he moved across the room.

"But stay," he added, pausing at the door; "I must post myself in regard to the new household arrangements that begin from this period. At what hour shall we dine?"

"What hour will suit you?" asked Mrs. Hardy.

"Say two o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well; let it be two. You will find me at the door when the clock strikes."

At two Mr. Hardy returned, and found his wife alone, her mother having gone back to attend to the duties of her own household. She met him with tender looks and loving words; but there was a suffering expression on her face, and signs of weeping about her eyes; and these worried the young husband. Why should she look sad? Why should she weep? It was unreasonable! He felt instantly cold towards her, and she, perceiving this sphere of repulsion, lost her self-control, and burst into tears. She was standing before him, and looking into his face, when thus overpowered by her feelings. Leaning her face down upon his shoulder, she sobbed almost hysterically.

Mr. Hardy did not speak a soothing word, nor so much as draw his arm around her, but stood silent and immovable as a stone, until the gush of feeling had subsided. He then said, in no kind voice,

"Jane, I am confounded at this persevering opposition on your part. None but a self-willed, unreasonable woman could make objection to becoming the mistress of a home like this."

"I make no objection," she answered, lifting her face, and looking at him through tears that were not yet stayed.

"Every act, every look, every thought is an objection!" said Mr. Hardy, with strong emphasis on his words.

"You do not understand me, John."

"And fear that I never shall," was replied with no softening of tone or manner. "I thought you understood, in assuming a wife's relation, what were a wife's duties. But I have spoken to you plainly on the subject before, and need not repeat my words now. You know my sentiments on this head."

"Forgive me in that I have done wrong," said Mrs. Hardy, meekly—"It is in my heart to be all that God requires of me in this my new and holy relation. Have patience with me, John! Do not bear down too hard upon me, lest you break what you seek to bend."

"Bear down on you, Jane! I cannot understand such language! What is your meaning? How have I borne down upon you? In what have I been selfish, exacting, or unreasonable? Was it strange that, in taking a wife, I should desire a home? No! But it was strange, that the wife I selected from the circle of maidens should, for an instant, think of holding me back from that most coveted blessing. Yes, that is the strange feature in the case. Bear down too hard upon you? Is it possible that I am so soon transformed in your eyes, into a domestic tyrant?"

The words of this sentence were, at first, as painful blows on the young wife's heart; but, ere it was closed, they rebounded from the hardened surface, leaving scarcely an impression behind. She had felt a reviving tenderness for him as her appeal indicated, and if he had then folded her lovingly in his arms—had then suffered right thoughts to guide him to a perception of her true state, and right feelings to seek her happiness rather than his own ends, the dark clouds already overhanging their household would have been scattered, and the bright sunshine filled every chamber. But there was no movement towards this in his cold, selfish nature. A little while his wife stood near him, her eyes no longer wet with tears—her cheeks no longer flushed with feeling—and then moved back slowly, increasing the distance between them until she reached the opposite of the room. She then turned her face from him and stood still.

"Jane!" Mr. Hardy spoke sternly.

She did not move.

"Jane!" She remained motionless as a statue.

"Jane!" The tone was now angrily imperative.

Slowly Mrs. Hardy turned her body and

showed a face as colorless as marble, and eyes that had a stony aspect.

"Jane! Do you hear me?"

There was not even an attempted motion of the lips visible.

"What am I to understand by all this?"

The voice was neither so stern, nor so imperative.

A feeble flushing of the cheeks, a slight glancing of the eyes, a scarcely perceptible motion of the lips showed that his words had penetrated the region of thought.

"Is this a right beginning for us? Oh, Jane! Jane! How little did I dream that such a trial was in store for me, when, with a heart full of joyful anticipations I asked you to become my wedded wife!"

The hue of death again settled over the countenance of Mrs. Hardy, and, staggering forward a pace or two, she fell forward upon a sofa—not in a state of insensibility, but physical prostration.

"Shall we say it? Yes, even at the risk of having the revelation doubted, as involving an impossible thing—not a single wave of pity moved over the surface of the husband's feelings! He did not even spring forward to lift her up tenderly; he showed no sign of alarm; he merely stood where he was and looked on coldly! It was, in his eyes, only acting; or, if there was real emotion at the bottom, disappointed self-will was the exciting impulse. No—he had no pity, no sympathy. His cool, well-balanced mind was not disturbed by any feeling of commiseration for his wife. But he was offended by her pertinacity.

A moment Mr. Hardy looked sternly upon the form of his wife as it lay crouching upon the sofa with the face hidden; and then calmly left the room, and went up stairs with a measured tread.

Ten minutes afterwards, the ringing of a bell was heard. It was the announcement that dinner was on the table. Mr. Hardy went, without seeking his wife, to the dining-room. He was a little surprised to find her there giving some brief directions to the waiter. Her manner was composed, and her voice steady; but her face was almost hueless. She took her position at the table quietly, and served her husband, after he had carried the meat, to the various dishes. Upon her own plate she received only one or two articles, and though she made a feint of eating, scarcely anything passed her lips. Thus was their first meal in their own home eaten in silence, and under painful embarrassment on both sides. It was ominous of dark and evil days to come. Rising from the table at its close, Mr. Hardy, without speaking, left the dining-room. His wife, still seated, turned her ear and listened to his footstep as he moved along the passages. She was not prepared for the jar of the street door; as was evident from the start she gave as the sound struck upon her ear. She sat very still for a few moments, and then rising went to her chamber, shut the door and locked it. Crossing her hands, and laying them tightly upon her bosom, she lifted her eyes upwards and prayed silently for more than the space of a minute. But the anguish of her spirit was not removed. While the arrow rankled in her heart there could be no cessation of pain.

After a brief, unavailing struggle with her feelings, Mrs. Hardy, weak in body as in spirit, laid herself upon her bed, and with shut eyes, in a state of half-conscious misery, passed the hours until evening. A little while before her husband's return, she aroused herself, and moving, as far as possible, all traces of suffering from her countenance, met him with an air as pleasant and cheerful, that he was surprised and gratified. He had expected a very different reception. Just as far as pride and self-will would let him go did he seek to conciliate her feelings, and to yield to what he deemed her wishes. Purposely he avoided all allusion to their home and household matters lest he should touch a discordant string. The result well repaid him for this small measure of self-control. Something of the former light came back into her eyes; something of the old warmth to her cheeks, and music to her voice. A few friends called in after tea, and the evening passed cheerfully away. Mrs. Hardy's voice had been well trained, and she sang with uncommon sweetness. On this occasion she almost surprised herself, and her husband listened to her voice, and her praises with a glow of pride.

"How happy we might be!" He sighed faintly as the thought crossed his mind. "Beautiful—accomplished—possessing every external grace." So his thoughts ran on—"Ah, if there were only submission and self-denial! Alas! Alas! Who could have dreamed that one so gentle, so loving, so unobtrusive, so apparently unselfish, had so strong a will, and such endurance?"

"What a little paradise you have!" said one fair friend to the bride.

"If you are not happy here there is no happiness to be found on earth," said another.

Mr. Hardy stood by when these remarks were made, and looked steadily into the face of his wife to see the effect. But he could perceive no change in her expression.

"How perfectly she can act!"

Blind, ungenerous man! Perversely bent on misinterpretation! That thought warped his feelings again, and opened his mind to the influx of subtle accusations.

The sudden depression that followed the breaking up of a company, before whom she had really been acting a part, only confirmed Mr. Hardy in the idea that his wife was assuming a great deal more than she felt in order to gain her purposes. He did not permit himself to utter the thoughts that were in his mind, for he wished to avoid a scene; but his manner became icy cold as he perceived a change in his wife's exterior. And so there was darkness and silence upon their spirits, as well as darkness and silence upon the face of nature. Very ominous of dark days to come was this termination of their first day's life in their new home.

Alas! alas for all who, like them, are unequally yoked together!

CHAPTER X.

Through many wakeful hours of the night that followed this first day of trial in their new home, did Mrs. Hardy lie and ponder the question of duty. Ah! if it had been the question of love—nothing would have been easier than the solution. Morning found her with the problem yet unsolved.

Pale cheeks, weary eyes, joyless countenance, silent lips. Across the breakfast-table John Hardy looked, and saw but these! Did they more him with pity? Did loving sympathy or tender emotion awaken in his heart? No! John Hardy saw only the unlovely types of a yet unquenched pride; and anger, not love, stirred in his bosom. Even while the ears of his sad young wife were listening for words of comfort, he was meditating sharp reproof; and when she saw his lips part, and heard the first murmur of his voice, after a long silence, her heart leaped up with an eager impulse.

"I bargained for sunshine, not cloud and tempest!"

A low shudder went electrically through every fibre of her soul. The expectant heart sunk down like lead in her bosom. But her countenance reflected scarcely anything below the surface. Calmly—so it seemed to her husband—she looked her spirit forth. Mr. Hardy was irritated.

"A contract is a contract." He spoke with cold severity. "And, among men, such things cannot be violated without loss of honor."

Still the eyes of his wife looked out calmly upon him—still her countenance remained impassive—there was no motion about her lips—no indication of feeling. His words seemed as if flung back upon him mockingly.

"I am tired of all this, Jane," he said, after waiting for some response. "Clouds and tempests were never to my mind. I like clear skies and sunshine."

Mr. Hardy had seen, more than once in his lifetime, blows given with such stunning force, that the body receiving them was deprived, for a brief period, of even respiration. But it never occurred to him, that the heavy blows his strong arm was inflicting upon a weak, sensitive woman, were in as full a measure depriving her spirit of even the power to make a sign of suffering.

"Heaven help us both, if life is to go on after this fashion!" he exclaimed, rising from the table. "It is well said that woman is a mystery!"

Mr. Hardy stood and gazed down upon his wife, who sat with drooping eyelids and unchanging expression. She saw not the aspect of his countenance with her natural eyes; but all its terrible sternness was mirrored to the eyes of her spirit with blinding distinctness.

"Jane! will you speak to me?"

As quickly as the glancing of a thought were the eyes of Mrs. Hardy raised to the face of her husband. A few moments they looked at each other steadily.

"Will you answer me, Jane?"

"I will. Say on."

The evenness of her tones a little surprised Mr. Hardy.

"Do you think that all this is loving and right?"

"To what do you refer?"

"To your purpose to thwart my desires. To make the home I had pictured in the future as a paradise, a darker, colder, and more wretched place than the dreary world out into which our first parents went, when thrust forth from Eden."

"I have no such purpose, Mr. Hardy; and God is my witness that I speak the truth. As your wife, I will strive, earnestly, in the sight of Heaven, to do my whole duty. This I have already pledged you; and I now renew the pledge. If strength fail me—if the burden be too heavy—if I fall by the way—the weakness must be forgiven for its own sake. But if I can bear up, I will. Only have patience with me, John! Don't lay your hand too heavily upon me in the beginning. I trust to be stronger and more enduring by-and-by."

There was no trembling or failing of the voice, no drooping of the steady eye, no sign of wavering as she said these words.

"You speak as if I were a tyrant, and you a slave!"

Mr. Hardy was angered, rather than softened by her words. Pride, not tenderness and sympathy, was aroused.

Mrs. Hardy felt the quick rising of an indignant impulse at this ungenerous blow, and, under its influence, she answered—

"I have at least made one painful discovery."

"What?"

"That between the lover and husband, there is as wide a difference as between Cancer and Capricorn."

"Jane!"

Mr. Hardy's brows contracted, and he looked angrily upon the young creature he had wooed with loving words from the warm home-nest, where only love had been the aliment of her soul. Looked angrily upon his young wife, who, never from childhood up to the ripe years of maidenhood, had gazed into angry eyes.

But she quailed not. With her, the sharper agony was over. The truth had come, ere this, in all its hard, stormy, crushing power; and now the life-lesson she had to learn was endurance.

"I have said it, John." She spoke low, and sadly, yet not with apparent weakness.

"Perhaps, like some things that you have uttered, it were better if the thought had died in silence. But spoken thoughts can no longer be hidden secrets. You have the painful conclusion to which my heart has been driven; and it may be well that it is so."

Mr. Hardy was confused and silenced, not only by the firm demeanor, but by the words of

his wife, that sounded strangely to his ears. That she could intimate anything wrong or unreasonable on his part, confounded him. What had he done more than to act upon the defensive? Had not all his trouble originated with her? And now, to be charged back by implication, with wrong treatment, was, in his mind, but adding insult to injury. He saw that a new spirit—one of retaliation—had been aroused in his wife, and just then he did not care to drive it into further action; and so, after returning for a few moments longer her calm, unvarying look, he left the room, and went forth without a parting word, to his daily business.

Very uncomfortable did Mr. Hardy feel—nay, more, he was positively unhappy. But he took no blame to himself. Pride gave no place to self-accusation. Calmly he reviewed the subject of his marital relations; and the review only made stronger the first conclusions of his mind. He had asked nothing that was not reasonable and natural. "In taking a wife," he said to himself, "does not every man look to the establishment of a home? Who could imagine that, on this question, any division were possible? Who could dream that a wife would make objection? Was I to yield here—to give up the dearest wish of my heart? No! All the manhood in me says no! I cannot, I must not, I will not be driven aside! Tears, vapors, sharp words, nor impotent silence can move me! I will be granite to all opposing forces. Yes, John Hardy will be the ruler of his own household. His judgment shall be law."

Again, as thought went on reviewing his unhappy relation, and memory recalled words and incidents, he said—The unkindest cut of all—the husband and the lover. Cancer and Capricorn! I shall never forget that were I to number Mithras and the years. What can she mean by such conduct? But this assumption of injured innocence will avail nothing. I am on her track, and though she double upon me like the pausing hare, again and again, I will never yield the pursuit. John Hardy is always right with himself, and right with himself, he cannot be wrong towards others. I have asked nothing unreasonable—have set no foot, in trespass, on her prerogatives—have sailed under no false colors. Yes—it is all right with John Hardy!

And thus he fortified himself, looking only on one side of the question, and seeing only that aspect of the case which flattered his pride, and encouraged his self-will.

"I can hold out as long as she can." So he continued talking with himself, as thought, ever and anon, turned from business concerns to this matter nearest his heart. "John Hardy has great endurance. It is but a question of time; yet of all time, if needs be. I can and will endure to the end—even to the end of life. When John Hardy is right, he never yields even the fraction of a hair. If he were to yield, he would cease to be John Hardy."

And thus, through all the hours that intervened until his return home, did the ungenerous young husband continue to think bitter thoughts against his wife, and to fortify himself in opposition. When he laid his hand upon the door-knob, and entered with a firm step, at dinner time, John Hardy was all right with himself. His head was erect, his countenance composed, his blue eyes calm even to severity. His wife met him with smiles and loving words; and, for a little while, he was deceived into the belief that they were outward signs of real feeling, and accepted them as such. At once, the coldness of his exterior gave way; light beamed from his countenance, his tones were gentle and his words kind.

"How much better this, than clouds," he said, as they sat together on one of the sofas. He had taken her hand, and was holding it tightly in his own. "Oh, Jane! shall we not always have light in our dwelling?"

Mrs. Hardy did not answer, but her husband felt her hand thrill in his clasp, as if some strong emotion had suddenly awakened in her heart; and, at the same time, he was conscious of a perceptible shrinking away from him. Instantly his feelings changed; and the accusing spirit re-entered his heart. There was a dead silence for the space of several minutes. The hand of Mrs. Hardy still lay in the hand of her husband, but it lay there passively, neither giving nor receiving the slightest pressure. Then it was slowly withdrawn, and with the motion a sigh broke on the still air—a low, faint sigh; yet painfully distinct to the ears of Mr. Hardy.

"I cannot breathe an atmosphere like this!" he exclaimed, suddenly starting to his feet; "I shall die of suffocation!"

And leaving the room with a firm step, he took up his hat, and before Mrs. Hardy had even time to imagine his purpose, had passed from the house. As he shut the street door, the ball rung for dinner.

It was some minutes before Mrs. Hardy had strength to rise from the sofa, so stunned was she by this unexpected conduct on the part of her husband. A second time the dinner bell rang, and then, for appearance sake, she forced herself to walk as far as the dining-room, where the waiter stood expectant.

"Mr. Hardy has gone out," she said, in as firm a voice as it was possible for her to assume, "and I do not know how soon he will return—perhaps not until evening. I am not very well, and do not wish anything. So you can remove the dishes from the table. If Mr. Hardy comes back you can replace them."

It did not escape the waiter's observation, that her face was pallid, and her voice husky. He had his own thoughts on the subject, which he did not fail to express on returning to the kitchen.

"I have begun, and I shall go through, cost what it may!" said Mr. Hardy to himself, as he sat down in a state of remarkable calmness, to eat the dinner he had ordered at a refectory; the fiercer the tempest, the sooner it is over. If gentle measures avail not, harsher ones must be adopted. There is one thing certain—John Hardy can stand the racket as long as Mrs. Hardy; who will find, before she is done with

this business, that is, setting up her will against mine, she had reason without her head. When John Hardy knows he is right, John Hardy never yields."

Excellent John Hardy! In his own eyes a pattern man!

From the dining-room, Mrs. Hardy went up, with warring steps, to her chamber, and after shutting and locking the door, she sunk upon her knees, and lifting her eyes, in which were no tears, upward toward heaven, prayed thus: "The utterance was despairing, rather than hopeful."

"Oh, Lord! Give me light, patience, strength! Show me the true path, and help me to walk therein, even though sharp stones cut my feet at every step. Oh, Lord! Pity and help me! I am lost in a trackless desert; and the darkness of old Egypt is around me. I have no wisdom of my own to guide—no strength of my own to sustain—no light in my heart to show me the way. Oh, Lord! Pity and help me!"

And thus she prayed for a long time, writhing in her agony. But no light came—no strength was given. The heavens seemed as brass to her petitions.

From her knees she arose at length, and in her weakness and despair threw herself across the bed. How long she had lain thus, when there came a rap at her door, she knew not, for suffering brought a partial paralysis of feeling and suspension of thought. She started up and spoke.

"It was her mother's voice. The door was opened and Mrs. Enfield came in. Too short a time was given to the daughter to school her exterior, and she forced smile with which she greeted her mother, revealed more of suffering than pleasure. Tenderly she enfolded in the maternal arms, and fondly were love's kisses laid upon her lips and cheek."

"Are you not well, dear," Mrs. Enfield asked with concern.

"Not very well. My head aches severely," was answered. "I have been lying down since dinner time, and must have slept. What time is it?"

"After four."

"Then I have been sleeping. How is father?"

"Right well. He wants you and John to come down this evening."

"Does he? Tell him that if Mr. Hardy has no other engagement we will see him. Dear father! So loving, so gentle, so good! Since our brief separation, tears come into my eyes whenever I think of him. If all men were like him, what a happy world this would be! But—after a pause—"all cannot be like him; for he is best of all."

"How is John?" Mrs. Enfield inquired, without seeming to appreciate the remarks of her daughter.

"He is well," was simply answered.

"Delighted, I suppose, with the new home upon which his heart was set. I'm a little afraid, Jane, that we erred something in making even the smallest objection to his wishes in this respect—seeing, as we now do, how the attractions of a home were magnified in his eyes. He showed, perhaps, a little too great eagerness in the matter, but, if we put ourselves in his place, we will not be so greatly surprised that it was so. Here centered for him the highest ideal of life; and he was disturbed at any thing which came in between himself and the full realization of his wishes. We must have patience with him, and make many allowances. All men are not like your father, Jane."

Mrs. Hardy only responded with a sigh. But she was gaining temporary power, in the external of her life, over the weakness of a crushed and suffering heart.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Enfield, "one of the greatest errors we commit, and one from which the awakening is most painful, is the error of imputing virtues in perfection to those we love. But weakness and imperfection are inherent in all that is human. Even the best men and women that live, are only withheld from evil by the power of Divine love."

"I shall grow wiser as I grow older, and gain more experience, dear mother," replied Jane. "Wiser in seeing the right, and stronger to bear."

"Life is not all a day of golden sunshine," said Mrs. Enfield. "And it is well for us, perhaps, that it is not so. We might become too deeply in love with this world, and find in its more natural and feeble life too intense enjoyment. It is through a death of natural life, that we are raised into a life that is spiritual and heavenly."

Mrs. Hardy sighed again, but did not answer. "You must not expect too much of John," resumed the mother cautiously. "He is all right at heart, and loves you truly. Few men have such high moral purposes—few such noble aims. All the ground work of his character is good. In the beginning there may be a little jarring in the machinery of your lives as they take the same motion, and for a time there may be a painful want of accordant action. But all will run smoothly in good time."

"I will believe it, dear mother," said Jane, in a voice, the low quiver of which struck a pang to the heart of Mrs. Enfield. "Time is the great restorer of harmonies." "It is, my child; and also the great reconciler. Our path of life leads upward as well as onward. At every step we rise a little higher, and our vision gains an ampler circle. What to-day is dimly perceived, to-morrow stands out clearly shaped, and in true relation to its surroundings. Objects now so dim in shadow that they seem only hideous deformities, in a little while, as we ascend, and get a surer aspect, appear to us, as they really are, forms of truest beauty."

Mrs. Enfield paused; but her daughter made no response to the sentiments just uttered. In a little while other subjects of conversation, less embarrassing in their nature, were introduced, and Mrs. Hardy acquired a more cheerful tone of feeling. It was late in the afternoon when her mother left, with the parting injunction to be sure to come down with her husband after tea.

This visit was a timely one. An earnest effort had been made by the daughter to throw off the dreadful state of depression from which she was suffering, and she was, in a good degree, successful. After her mother left, this better tone of feeling enabled her to make such preparation for receiving her husband, as promised something better than silence, tears and reproaches. She tried to forget his cruel conduct at dinner time, for, whenever thought went back to that incident, her heart stood still for a moment and then gave a bound that sent the blood leaping in burning pulses through all her veins.

At last she heard his hand upon the door, and his footsteps along the hall. She was in the sitting-room, but did not go down to meet him, thinking it best to wait until he came up and joined her. How breathlessly did she look for his appearance; how anxious was she, lest the first glance at his countenance should meet a cold, stern, angry aspect. He ascended the stairs, and passed the sitting-room door without coming in, keeping on to the chambers.

"Jane!"

How suddenly she started to her feet. It was his voice calling to her; and the tone was kind, even affectionate.

How lightly she sprung away, bounding in a few steps from the room, and answering as she neared the chamber,

"Here I am, dear."

There was warmth on her cheeks and light in her eyes, as she came into his presence, and laid her hands into his, that were extended towards her. He bent down and kissed her. So sudden was the transition of feeling, consequent on this tender reception, that it required the strongest efforts on her part to keep from tears. And why should tears be restrained? Ah! they were signs of pain, not joy, in the eyes of her husband, and she dared not permit their flow, lest he should regard them as rebuking messengers sent forth from a troubled heart!

Not the remotest allusion was made to the unhappy incident which, a few hours before, had darkened their souls' horizon. Both were desirous to have that past, for the time, into deepest oblivion. While they yet talked pleasantly together, tea was announced, and they went down, arm in arm, to the dining-room. This proved the most home-like meal they had eaten together in their new dwelling. After it was over, they went into the parlors. Mr. Hardy was on his slippers and dressing-gown—and the young husband, as he moved backward and forward the entire length of the two elegantly furnished rooms, with his wife on his arm, could not help, in his self-satisfied pride, from repeating to himself—

"I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute."

The sun had set—the twilight fallen peacefully upon nature—and now the brilliant gas lamps were burning in the dwelling of Mr. Hardy, from which the world was all excluded. How very independent of this outer world he felt—how entirely satisfied with his inner home-world. His wife had sung his favorite songs, and played his favorite airs, and exerted herself to please him in every possible way that she could think of; and she was altogether successful. Mr. Hardy's spirit was basking in sunshine. Something of his high ideal of home was being realized.

"Mother was here this afternoon," said Mrs. Hardy, as her husband laid his hand upon a favorite volume, from which she knew he purposed reading some passages aloud.

"Ah! was she?"

"Yes, and I promised her, that if you were not engaged for the evening in any other way, we would go down to-night. Father sent particular word for us to come."

"Oh, but I am engaged," replied Mr. Hardy, half smiling, half serious.

"Are you? I'm sorry. Father will be disappointed."

"Not so very much, I presume. It isn't an age since he saw you."

"It may seem an age to him," remarked Mrs. Hardy, the slightest apparent depression in her tones. "But where are you going?"

"To stay at home," was firmly answered.

"My engagement is with my wife this evening."

"She will excuse you."

Mrs. Hardy tried to speak very lightly, and to smile in the gayest manner. But neither effort was entirely successful.

"Ah, but I don't mean to be excused."

"But father will expect us, John. I told mother, if you had no other engagement, we would come, and if they learn that we stayed at home, they will feel hurt."

"I didn't authorize you to speak for me, did I?"

"I thought it would give you pleasure to give me and them pleasure," replied Mrs. Hardy; "and believing this, I spoke confidently."

"Charity begins at home, you know, Jane."

Mrs. Hardy was very self-composed, and spoke with a quiet smile playing about her lips—and afterwards diffuses itself. I want to cultivate the home-feeling a little—to get used to my slippers and dressing-gown. We men, after a day's battle with the world, feel too comfortable at home to care about making night forays. No, Jane, I cannot go out this evening."

Mr. Hardy was in earnest, and the tone in which he spoke the closing sentence satisfied his wife that he had not the slightest intention of complying with her wishes.

As a simple incident in their lives, unconnected with any unpleasant antecedents, this little circumstance could have had no power to mar their happiness. It would have been only a passing ripple on the surface of things, while all remained peaceful below. But it stood in too close a relation, unfortunately, with much that was painful to both of them, and, in the pause that followed Mr. Hardy's last remark, both were conscious of the intruding presence of a shadow, the unwelcome precursor of an enemy to their peace.

Mrs. Hardy said no more on the subject. She did not even trust herself with the words—"Let it be as you wish, John," although they were on her lips. She feared to speak, lest more of disappointment should be visible than she wished to appear; and so she sat in silence, with her eyes cast down.

Mr. Hardy's civil genius now found easy access to his mind, and at once began to whisper accusations against his young wife. He opened the book upon which he had laid his hand at the beginning of the conversation, and running over the leaves, selected a passage, and commenced reading aloud. As he did so, he perceived that his wife turned herself slightly from him. She was not herself conscious of doing so; although such was the fact.

Mr. Hardy read on for some time, while his wife sat perfectly still by his side. Then he paused, and made some remarks on what he had been reading. His wife's response showed plainly enough that her thoughts were not with the author's, upon whose beauties her husband was delecting. Mr. Hardy read on again, and again stopped for comment, this time purposely asking questions that his wife could not answer, without betraying her state of entire abstraction.

"Oh, well, if you don't wish to hear me read," he said, in an offended tone of voice, shutting the book as he spoke, "I have no desire to worry you with my poor performances."

At last she heard his hand upon the door, and his footsteps along the hall. She was in the sitting-room, but did not go down to meet him, thinking it best to wait until he came up and joined her. How breathlessly did she look for his appearance; how anxious was she, lest the first glance at his countenance should meet a cold, stern, angry aspect. He ascended the stairs, and passed the sitting-room door without coming in, keeping on to the chambers.

"Jane!"

How suddenly she started to her feet. It was his voice calling to her; and the tone was kind, even affectionate.

How lightly she sprung away, bounding in a few steps from the room, and answering as she neared the chamber,

"Here I am, dear."

There was warmth on her cheeks and light in her eyes, as she came into his presence, and laid her hands into his, that were extended towards her. He bent down and kissed her. So sudden was the transition of feeling, consequent on this tender reception, that it required the strongest efforts on her part to keep from tears. And why should tears be restrained? Ah! they were signs of pain, not joy, in the eyes of her husband, and she dared not permit their flow, lest he should regard them as rebuking messengers sent forth from a troubled heart!

Not the remotest allusion was made to the unhappy incident which, a few hours before, had darkened their souls' horizon. Both were desirous to have that past, for the time, into deepest oblivion. While they yet talked pleasantly together, tea was announced, and they went down, arm in arm, to the dining-room. This proved the most home-like meal they had eaten together in their new dwelling. After it was over, they went into the parlors. Mr. Hardy was on his slippers and dressing-gown—and the young husband, as he moved backward and forward the entire length of the two elegantly furnished rooms, with his wife on his arm, could not help, in his self-satisfied pride, from repeating to himself—

"I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute."

The sun had set—the twilight fallen peacefully upon nature—and now the brilliant gas lamps were burning in the dwelling of Mr. Hardy, from which the world was all excluded. How very independent of this outer world he felt—how entirely satisfied with his inner home-world. His wife had sung his favorite songs, and played his favorite airs, and exerted herself to please him in every possible way that she could think of; and she was altogether successful. Mr. Hardy's spirit was basking in sunshine. Something of his high ideal of home was being realized.

"Mother was here this afternoon," said Mrs. Hardy, as her husband laid his hand upon a favorite volume, from which she knew he purposed reading some passages aloud.

"Ah! was she?"

"Yes, and I promised her, that if you were not engaged for the evening in any other way, we would go down to-night. Father sent particular word for us to come."

"Oh, but I am engaged," replied Mr. Hardy, half smiling, half serious.

"Are you? I'm sorry. Father will be disappointed."

"Not so very much, I presume. It isn't an age since he saw you."

"It may seem an age to him," remarked Mrs. Hardy, the slightest apparent depression in her tones. "But where are you going?"

"To stay at home," was firmly answered.

"My engagement is with my wife this evening."

"She will excuse you."

Mrs. Hardy tried to speak very lightly, and to smile in the gayest manner. But neither effort was entirely successful.

"Ah, but I don't mean to be excused."

"But father will expect us, John. I told mother, if you had no other engagement, we would come, and if they learn that we stayed at home, they will feel hurt."

"I didn't authorize you to speak for me, did I?"

"I thought it would give you pleasure to give me and them pleasure," replied Mrs. Hardy; "and believing this, I spoke confidently."

"Charity begins at home, you know, Jane."

Mrs. Hardy was very self-composed, and spoke with a quiet smile playing about her lips—and afterwards diffuses itself. I want to cultivate the home-feeling a little—to get used to my slippers and dressing-gown. We men, after a day's battle with the world, feel too comfortable at home to care about making night forays. No, Jane, I cannot go out this evening."

Mr. Hardy was in earnest, and the tone in which he spoke the closing sentence satisfied his wife that he had not the slightest intention of complying with her wishes.

As a simple incident in their lives, unconnected with any unpleasant antecedents, this little circumstance could have had no power to mar their happiness. It would have been only a passing ripple on the surface of things, while all remained peaceful below. But it stood in too close a relation, unfortunately, with much that was painful to both of them, and, in the pause that followed Mr. Hardy's last remark, both were conscious of the intruding presence of a shadow, the unwelcome precursor of an enemy to their peace.

Mrs. Hardy said no more on the subject. She did not even trust herself with the words—"Let it be as you wish, John," although they were on her lips. She feared to speak, lest more of disappointment should be visible than she wished to appear; and so she sat in silence, with her eyes cast down.

Mr. Hardy's civil genius now found easy access to his mind, and at once began to whisper accusations against his young wife. He opened the book upon which he had laid his hand at the beginning of the conversation, and running over the leaves, selected a passage, and commenced reading aloud. As he did so, he perceived that his wife turned herself slightly from him. She was not herself conscious of doing so; although such was the fact.

Mr. Hardy read on for some time, while his wife sat perfectly still by his side. Then he paused, and made some remarks on what he had been reading. His wife's response showed plainly enough that her thoughts were not with the author's, upon whose beauties her husband was delecting. Mr. Hardy read on again, and again stopped for comment, this time purposely asking questions that his wife could not answer, without betraying her state of entire abstraction.

"Oh, well, if you don't wish to hear me read," he said, in an offended tone of voice, shutting the book as he spoke, "I have no desire to worry you with my poor performances."

At last she heard his hand upon the door, and his footsteps along the hall. She was in the sitting-room, but did not go down to meet him, thinking it best to wait until he came up and joined her. How breathlessly did she look for his appearance; how anxious was she, lest the first glance at his countenance should meet a cold, stern, angry aspect. He ascended the stairs, and passed the sitting-room door without coming in, keeping on to the chambers.

"Jane!"

How suddenly she started to her feet. It was his voice calling to her; and the tone was kind, even affectionate.

How lightly she sprung away, bounding in a few steps from the room, and answering as she neared the chamber,

"Here I am, dear."

There was warmth on her cheeks and light in her eyes, as she came into his presence, and laid her hands into his, that were extended towards her. He bent down and kissed her. So sudden was the transition of feeling, consequent on this tender reception, that it required the strongest efforts on her part to keep from tears. And why should tears be restrained? Ah! they were signs of pain, not joy, in the eyes of her husband, and she dared not permit their flow, lest he should regard them as rebuking messengers sent forth from a troubled heart!

Not the remotest allusion was made to the unhappy incident which, a few hours before, had darkened their souls' horizon. Both were desirous to have that past, for the time, into deepest oblivion. While they yet talked pleasantly together, tea was announced, and they went down, arm in arm, to the dining-room. This proved the most home-like meal they had eaten together in their new dwelling. After it was over, they went into the parlors. Mr. Hardy was on his slippers and dressing-gown—and the young husband, as he moved backward and forward the entire length of the two elegantly furnished rooms, with his wife on his arm, could not help, in his self-satisfied pride, from repeating to himself—

"I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute."

The sun had set—the twilight fallen peacefully upon nature—and now the brilliant gas lamps were burning in the dwelling of Mr. Hardy, from which the world was all excluded. How very independent of this outer world he felt—how entirely satisfied with his inner home-world. His wife had sung his favorite songs, and played his favorite airs, and exerted herself to please him in every possible way that she could think of; and she was altogether successful. Mr. Hardy's spirit was basking in sunshine. Something of his high ideal of home was being realized.

"Mother was here this afternoon," said Mrs. Hardy, as her husband laid his hand upon a favorite volume, from which she knew he purposed reading some passages aloud.

"Ah! was she?"

"Yes, and I promised her, that if you were not engaged for the evening in any other way, we would go down to-night. Father sent particular word for us to come."

"Oh, but I am engaged," replied Mr. Hardy, half smiling, half serious.

"Are you? I'm sorry. Father will be disappointed."

"Not so very much, I presume. It isn't an age since he saw you."

"It may seem an age to him," remarked Mrs. Hardy, the slightest apparent depression in her tones. "But where are you going?"

"To stay at home," was firmly answered.

"My engagement is with my wife this evening."

"She will excuse you."

Mrs. Hardy tried to speak very lightly, and to smile in the gayest manner. But neither effort was entirely successful.

"Ah, but I don't mean to be excused."

"But father will expect us, John. I told mother, if you had no other engagement, we would come, and if they learn that we stayed at home, they will feel hurt."

"I didn't authorize you to speak for me, did I?"

"I thought it would give you pleasure to give me and them pleasure," replied Mrs. Hardy; "and believing this, I spoke confidently."

"Charity begins at home, you know, Jane."

Mrs. Hardy was very self-composed, and spoke with a quiet smile playing about her lips—and afterwards diffuses itself. I want to cultivate the home-feeling a little—to get used to my slippers and dressing-gown. We men, after a day's battle with the world, feel too comfortable at home to care about making night forays. No, Jane, I cannot go out this evening."

Mr. Hardy was in earnest, and the tone in which he spoke the closing sentence satisfied his wife that he had not the slightest intention of complying with her wishes.

As a simple incident in their lives, unconnected with any unpleasant antecedents, this little circumstance could have had no power to mar their happiness. It would have been only a passing ripple on the surface of things, while all remained peaceful below. But it stood in too close a relation, unfortunately, with much that was painful to both of them, and, in the pause that followed Mr. Hardy's last remark, both were conscious of the intruding presence of a shadow, the unwelcome precursor of an enemy to their peace.

Mrs. Hardy said no more on the subject. She did not even trust herself with the words—"Let it be as you wish, John," although they were on her lips. She feared to speak, lest more of disappointment should be visible than she wished to appear; and so she sat in silence, with her eyes cast down.

Mr. Hardy's civil genius now found easy access to his mind, and at once began to whisper accusations against his young wife. He opened the book upon which he had laid his hand at the beginning of the conversation, and running over the leaves, selected a passage, and commenced reading aloud. As he did so, he perceived that his wife turned herself slightly from him. She was not herself conscious of doing so; although such was the fact.

Mr. Hardy read on for some time, while his wife sat perfectly still by his side. Then he paused, and made some remarks on what he had been reading. His wife's response showed plainly enough that her thoughts were not with the author's, upon whose beauties her husband was delecting. Mr. Hardy read on again, and again stopped for comment, this time purposely asking questions that his wife could not answer, without betraying her state of entire abstraction.

"Oh, well, if you don't wish to hear me read," he said, in an offended tone of voice, shutting the book as he spoke, "I have no desire to worry you with my poor performances."

At last she heard his hand upon the door, and his footsteps along the hall. She was in the sitting-room, but did not go down to meet him, thinking it best to wait until he came up and joined her. How breathlessly did she look for his appearance; how anxious was she, lest the first glance at his countenance should meet a cold, stern, angry aspect. He ascended the stairs, and passed the sitting-room door without coming in, keeping on to the chambers.

"Jane!"

How suddenly she started to her feet. It was his voice calling to her; and the tone was kind, even affectionate.

How lightly she sprung away, bounding in a few steps from the room, and answering as she neared the chamber,

"Here I am, dear."

There was warmth on her cheeks and light in her eyes, as she came into his presence, and laid her hands into his, that were extended towards her. He bent down and kissed her. So sudden was the transition of feeling, consequent on this tender reception, that it required the strongest efforts on her part to keep from tears. And why should tears be restrained? Ah! they were signs of pain, not joy, in the eyes of her husband, and she dared not permit their flow, lest he should regard them as rebuking messengers sent forth from a troubled heart!

Not the remotest allusion was made to the unhappy incident which, a few hours before, had darkened their souls' horizon. Both were desirous to have that past, for the time, into deepest oblivion. While they yet talked pleasantly together, tea was announced, and they went down, arm in arm, to the dining-room. This proved the most home-like meal they had eaten together in their new dwelling. After it was over, they went into the parlors. Mr. Hardy was on his slippers and dressing-gown—and the young husband, as he moved backward and forward the entire length of the two elegantly furnished rooms, with his wife on his arm, could not help, in his self-satisfied pride, from repeating to himself—

"I am monarch of all I survey. My right there is none to dispute."

The sun had set—the twilight fallen peacefully upon nature—and now the brilliant gas lamps were burning in the dwelling of Mr. Hardy, from which the world was all excluded. How very independent of this outer world he felt—how entirely satisfied with his inner home-world. His wife had sung his favorite songs, and played his favorite airs, and exerted herself to please him in every possible way that she could think of; and she was altogether successful. Mr. Hardy's spirit was basking in sunshine. Something of his high ideal of home was being realized.

"Mother was here this afternoon," said Mrs. Hardy, as her husband laid his hand upon a favorite volume, from which she knew he purposed reading some passages aloud.

"Ah! was she?"

"Yes, and I promised her, that if you were not engaged for the evening in any other way, we would go down to-night. Father sent particular word for us to come."

"Oh, but I am engaged," replied Mr. Hardy, half smiling, half serious.

"Are you? I'm sorry. Father will be disappointed."

"Not so very much, I presume. It isn't an age since he saw you."

"It may seem an age to him," remarked Mrs. Hardy, the slightest apparent depression in her tones. "But where are you going?"

"To stay at home," was firmly answered.

"My engagement is with my wife this evening."

"Oh, John! don't speak so to me!" Mrs. Hardy turned upon her husband an appealing look. "I always like to hear you read. Go on again, won't you? My thought was, for the moment, wandering. We cannot always help that. Read on, won't you? and, please John, don't speak so to me any more! You don't know how hard I find it to bear any tones from your lips that are not full of love."

"Speak to you in what way, Jane? I don't just understand you."

There was affected surprise in the manner of Mr. Hardy.

"As you spoke to me just now?"

"How did I speak to you?" Mr. Hardy was cold and imperative.

"As if you were offended with me."

"And so I am."

"Oh, John! I cannot bear it!"

"Cannot bear what?"

"That you should feel angry towards me."

"I am not angry. What a silly child you are."

"Then read on, won't you?"

"No. Why should I? Your thoughts are far away from here. No book can interest you this evening."

"I will be all attention. Don't stop reading."

But Mr. Hardy, instead of re-opening the volume, tossed it from him upon the table, in a pettish manner.

The full heart of his wife could bear no more. Tears would flow. To conceal them she turned herself from the light, so that her face was hidden from her husband's eyes. Mr. Hardy noticed the movement, and gave it a wrong interpretation. A little while he sat meditating on what he should do or say. He felt very impatient at this strange and unexpected freaks in his young wife.

"Am I," he said to himself, "to have no will of my own? No preferences? Must I, at the peril of tears and reproaches, stand ready to do her bidding at all seasons? Are her inclinations to be my law? Never! When I give up all freedom and manhood after that fashion, I will cease to be John Hardy."

"Jane," he turned towards his wife, speaking in the decided tone of one who has made up his mind. "If you have set your heart on going to your father's to-night, I

100

THE LOST DIAMONDS.

BY MRS. C. CROWE,
AUTHOR OF "SUSAN HOPLEY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Tapp, Mr. Tapp, sir," said the waiter, briskly; "no sir."

"Tapp, Tapp!" said the landlord, shaking his head reflectively; "no, sir; no."

"Sure!" said a grave looking man in black, to whose inquiries these negatives had been addressed. "Somewhere about forty years of age?"

"Sure, sir," replied the landlord; "that is, not as I know."

"A short gentleman, rather stout; florid complexion," pursued the grave man; "generally wears blue with brass buttons and black stock; baldish."

"No, sir; haven't seen him, to my knowledge. In course, sir."

This dialogue reached my ears whilst standing at the door of the hotel at Dover, at which I had passed the night. I was bound for Calais, and was waiting to see that my luggage was all brought down stairs. Just as the landlord uttered the last words recorded, the porter, having completed the lading of his truck, began wheeling it away to the packet. I followed him, and so lost the conclusion of the sentence.

Of course, like other people, we had the roughest passage of the season. Nevertheless, we arrived without accident, as travellers generally do; and stating by the evening train for Paris, I found myself on the following day, comfortably established in my favorite hotel.

We had a very agreeable company at the table d'hôte, where I was fortunate enough to recognise several of my acquaintances; and one day, when a new guest entered the *salle-a-manger*, and was greeted with a welcome recognition by some of the party, Mr. H——, my next neighbor, turned to me and observed, that his wife often said she was sure this planet of ours could not be so large as was asserted; for she had remarked that the same people were always turning up on it.

I remember I had come home very hungry from my drive in the Bois de Boulogne, and I was at that moment discussing a delicious *ris de veau, sauce tomate*; so, not over-disposed for conversation, I only replied to the remark by a smile.

"Yes," said Mrs. H——, "I suspect it's but a shabby little world, not much bigger than a large orange. Henry, do you remember Tapp?"

"Tapp!" said I, raising my head.

"Yes," said Mrs. H——, "when we came to Paris, a fortnight ago, we did nothing but run against a man who was always inquiring for somebody of the name of Tapp."

"Why," said I, "I met the very man the other day; at least I suppose it was the same—a tall, solemn-looking man in black."

"Precisely," said Mrs. H——. "His sole object in life seems to be to discover Tapp. We met him in Paris, we met him at Versailles, we met him at St. Cloud, always asking anxiously at the hotels if they had got Tapp. Who can Tapp be, and what can he want with him? I have no doubt that at this moment he has got hold of some hotel-keeper, and is asking him for Tapp."

"I can answer for it, that is what he was doing last Tuesday morning," said I; "for I detected him in the fact of the door of the Ship, at Dover. It's odd enough; perhaps he's a monomaniac possessed with the idea of Tapp."

"Or an officer in pursuit of a criminal," suggested Mrs. H——.

"Or of a debtor," said Mr. H——. "He wants to tap Mr. Tapp on the shoulder."

"I wonder what sort of person Tapp is?" said Mrs. H——, with characteristic female curiosity. "I can hardly fancy Tapp a black-looking villain."

"I should think Tapp was rather a genial sort of fellow," said Mr. H——.

"Tapp," replied I, gravely, "is about forty years of age; short and stout, with a florid complexion and bald head. He usually wears a black stock, and a blue coat with brass buttons. I am disposed to think Tapp is in the military line."

"A regimental Tapp," said Mr. H——.

"Why, you have actually seen him, I do believe," said the lady, rather inclined to be jealous of my superior information.

"No," I replied; "but I heard his description from the man in black; and was to Tapp if I come across his path! I shall certainly put an advertisement into the Times, announcing that Tapp is discovered, and will be forthcoming on payment of a handsome reward to the advertiser. I shall stipulate for something considerable."

"How do you know that Tapp is not some innocent victim, pursued by that demon in a black coat? His *signalement*, as the French call it, rather prepossesses me in his favor; and if I meet him, I shall decidedly warn him of his danger."

The conversation now turned in some other direction; and although we often alluded jestingly to Tapp and his pursuer, I neither saw nor heard anything of either of them during the month I was in Paris. At the end of that time, the heat becoming oppressive, I started for Belgium and the Rhine. I stayed a week in Brussels, ran over for a few days to beautiful old Antwerp, and then proceeded to Spa.

I took up my quarters at the Hotel d'Orange; and after one of Monsieur Duchesne's excellent dinners, I went with all the rest of the world—the Spa world—to hear the band on the Place Royale. Meyerbeer was there; and they played some of his overtures so well, that I think the great maestro must have been pleased. He goes there every summer; and rides a black donkey, which has the honor to be called by his name, and on which he is said to seek inspiration from the beautiful scenery around.

As is the case with everybody who goes to Spa, I met several acquaintances on the promenade; and when the band ceased playing, we walked up to the Redoute, where I looked over the newspapers, and then approached the roulette table to see what was doing there. The player that seemed to be most attracting the attention of the lookers-on was a man with a long white beard, who had a heap of gold and notes before him; and I watched his varying fortunes with interest for some time, till his store began visibly to decrease, he pushed back his chair in disgust, and left the table; his place being immediately taken by another eager aspirant for fortune's favors. This move of his

caused a general one among the spectators; and I and a friend who was standing beside me went round to the other side of the table, and took up a position exactly behind the centre croupier; when, casting my eye along the row of faces that were now presented to me, who should I behold seated exactly opposite but—Tapp! I was as sure it was him as if I had known him all my life. There he was; about forty years of age; short, stout, baldish, with a (somewhat faded) florid complexion. There was the black stock, the blue coat, and the brass buttons. I have said somewhat faded, because it was not the florid complexion of full health; you could discern that the color had been higher, but that it was in some degree pale by sickness or trouble. He was playing *tres petit jeu*, only two franc pieces; but he punted every time, and seemed quite absorbed in the game. I watched him for several minutes with a strange feeling of curiosity, during which he never raised his eyes from the green cloth. At length, putting my fan before my mouth, I whispered to my friend,

"Do you know the name of that gentleman opposite, with the brass buttons?"

"No," said he, "I don't. He lodges at the Flandre, and sits opposite me at dinner; but I have not heard his name. He has only been here a few days."

We spoke so low that it is impossible the stranger could have heard us; but at this moment he looked up, and our eyes met. He saw that we were talking of him, and he colored, and evidently became nervous. I instinctively moved away, not wishing to increase his distress, whoever he might be; but I was so convinced he was the man, that I could not help every now and then taking a distant view of him. He continued playing for some time, and then I missed him; he had left the room whilst I was in the adjoining one.

I could not get it out of my head that this was Tapp; indeed, I felt sure it was, and I could think of nothing all the evening but the oddness of my meeting him; wondering, too, if it proved to be as I suspected, whether I should speak to him, and tell him about the tall man in black and his inquiries.

"But if he is a criminal," thought I, "I should be defeating the ends of justice, and it is scarcely likely anybody but a criminal would be so pursued. Perhaps he is a fraudulent banker, or an embezzling clerk, or something in that line. He does not look like an assassin, certainly; but these smooth, bald-headed men are very deceptive sometimes. He evidently became uneasy when he saw we were observing him."

These were my waking reflections; and when I went to bed, I dreamed that I was pursuing Tapp along Pall Mall, till he reached the Army and Navy Club, into which he entered; whereupon I discovered him to be my own son, with whom I was walking arm-in-arm through the Place Vendôme.

A lady with whom I had a slight acquaintance was lodging at the Flandre; and the following morning I resolved to call upon her, urged, I confess, by a restless desire to learn something more about the blue coat and brass buttons. I rang the bell, and inquired if Madame la Baronne de B—— was at home. The waiter said she had not yet left her chamber; and I was just thinking how I could put another question to him, when Colonel V——, my companion of the preceding evening, having just finished his breakfast in the *salle-a-manger*, came to the door with a cigar in his hand, which he was preparing to light.

"Good-morning, Colonel," I said; "I came to call on Madame de B——, but I find she has not left her room. A fine morning."

"Very," said he; "by-the-by, that man's name is Tapp; he's there at breakfast, and I have just asked the waiter. Perhaps he means Thorpe or Tharpe—the man you were asking about last night, I mean—he of the brass buttons."

We were standing with our backs to the hotel; but as Colonel V—— uttered the last words, I turned my head, and there was Tapp immediately behind us. He, too, had come to the door with his cigar, and must have heard the conclusion of our dialogue.

I bade Colonel V—— good-morning, and moved off with the greatest celerity. "I shall become the poor man's *bête-noire*," thought I. "He'll take me for a police officer in petticoats."

However, my suspicions were now confirmed; but reflection decided me to communicate my discovery to nobody, except, indeed, to my son, who quite coincided with me as to the propriety of silence.

"They are probably pursuing him for some fraud or defalcation," he said; "but we have nothing to do with it, and it is best not to interfere. He can't escape long if he comes to such public places as this."

I met Tapp no more that day; on the next, wishing to get a little information without directly asking for it, I inquired of Colonel V—— if there were many English at the Flandre.

"More than half the table is filled with English. Two or three went this morning. Mr. and Mrs. G—— are gone, and your friend of the brass buttons, too—he's gone."

"Oh, he's gone, is he?" said I, wishing to hear something more.

"I heard him last night asking for his bill; and as he has not appeared to-day, I conclude he's off."

I confess to feeling disappointed. I had promised myself some amusement in watching the proceedings of this mysterious individual, and had flattered myself I might perhaps witness the denouement of the drama. The tall man in black might overtake his game here; and, after the catastrophe, I should have the pleasure of relating what reasons I had had for grave suspicions, and how prudently I had kept these suspicions to myself. However, he was gone, and probably I should never hear any more of the matter; though I could not help thinking that the uneasy feeling I had created had hastened his departure.

Twice more on my route Tapp crossed my path, or rather I crossed his; once at Aix-la-Chapelle. He was approaching a table where the newspapers lay; but on seeing me, he turned round and went into the adjoining room. I had taken him by surprise, and he was evidently too nervous to control his first emotion. The next time was at Cologne, where I saw him on the platform at the station. He had apparently arrived by the same train as myself. This time I do not think he saw me. I was wondering whether we should meet on board the Rhine boat the next day; and I examined the passengers with great curiosity; there was a crowd of all nations and languages, but he was not among them.

This was the last I heard of Tapp for some time; but when I left Paris, I had intrusted Mr. H—— with a small commission, requesting him to direct his letter on the subject to the post-office at Frankfurt. There I found it; and I was not a little struck by the following passage:

"My wife is quite triumphant about her theory. Who should we meet, when we got to Ostend, where we embarked, but the man in black, inquiring for Tapp. We laughed so heartily at the sight of him, that we must have quite shocked his gravity."

CHAPTER II.

"Don't sit there fretting over that letter, but do come to bed, Maria."

I was on the summit of the Right when I heard these words proceeding from a female voice in the room adjoining mine. Like everybody else there assembled, we were to see the sunrise the following morning, if we could; and as I had gone to bed very early that night, I might be the better able to encounter the fatigue of the next day. I was annoyed to hear two people conversing so near me. Whilst I was undressing, the noise I made myself prevented my distinguishing what was the subject of their discourse; but when I had lain down, my bed being close to the thin partition, the voices sounded almost as if the speakers were in the room with me.

"He'll never allow himself to be found, never, I'm certain," said a second speaker, who, by the tone, I judged to be younger than the other.

"Nonsense," said the first; "how can he help it?"

"How has he helped it these three months, when no pains have been spared? It's my opinion he has left Europe altogether, and gone to America."

"No, no; Tapp will never go to America; he hates America, and everything belonging to it."

I sat up in bed and listened attentively.

"Well, Australia, then?"

"Not he; he hates Australia, too."

"How absurd, mamma! How can he hate them when he never saw either? Besides, when a man knows the police are after him, he'd go anywhere."

"The fact is, you are determined to keep me awake, and make me ill, Maria. I am sure I have suffered enough, without your adding to my troubles. I know you'll say it was my own fault."

"No, I shan't," said Maria.

"I know it was my own fault, and I never can forgive myself for being so infatuated; but I've done all I can to repair it, and I shall never cease till he is discovered. You know, Tapp is not a common name; it's not like Smith or Johnson."

"How do you know he hasn't changed it?" answered Maria. "Indeed, I've no doubt he has."

"Now this is really cruel," said the elder lady, in a voice that showed she was not far from tears; "you continually reproach me, and now you won't let me sleep."

This appeal seemed to melt the obduracy of the younger lady; for I heard something like kisses, and they soon afterwards appeared to fall asleep.

For my part, I had at first thought of knocking against the partition, or rising and going to their room to tell them what I knew; but, in the first place, I should have lost my night's rest, and I was very tired; and in the next, I confess I hesitated about turning informer and giving up Tapp to his enemies. So I resolved to wait till the morning, when I should be sure to find my neighbors with the rest of the lodgers looking at sunrise. However, when we all assembled at five o'clock outside the inn for that purpose, there was such a grotesque group of strange figures, male and female, huddled in cloaks and blankets and shawls, generally thrown over their heads Bedouin fashion, that I could not even give a guess which among them was Maria or her mamma. Having really seen the sunrise over those majestic mountains, flinging their summits with that glorious purple hue, which I never saw equalled except when the sun at its setting clothed the mountains of Albania with the same royal robes, I retired to my room; and as the morning was very cold, and I knew my party were not disposed for an early breakfast, I went to bed again. For a few minutes I heard my neighbors discussing the beauty of the scene, and then I fell asleep. When I awoke again, it was half-past eight; no sound reached me from the adjoining chamber; and on descending to breakfast, I learnt, on inquiry, that the ladies who had occupied it had departed. They had gone down the mountain on the Kreuznach side; we were going down the other; so that it was clear I had lost them for the present. I really was not sorry; for although curious to penetrate the mystery, I was not at all decided what I should do in the case. Now it seemed that fate had taken the affair in her own hands; and so she had, but not in the way I then believed.

It was not very long after the above event, that I found myself at Vervay; we could not get rooms at the Couronne, so we went to the Hotel du Lac, where, by-the-by, they give you very bad dinners; and where, when I was descending the stairs, after selecting bedrooms for myself and party, who should I meet but my tall friend, whom I had last seen at Dover, and whom Mr. and Mrs. H—— had met at Ostend. He was not inquiring for Tapp this time, but carrying up a jug of warm water; and it immediately occurred to me that he had come to Switzerland to meet the ladies, and that I should probably find them here; and so it proved. As there are two dinners, one early and one late, there are generally not a great many people at either; and I had no difficulty in fixing on the right parties, for the tall man stood behind their chairs. The elder, a nice, lady-like-looking person; the other, a plain-looking young woman of doubtful age, and a decidedly provincial air; but the expression of her countenance was pleasing, and I felt altogether a prepossession in their favor.

After dinner, we went into the garden, and I addressed some observations to them about the scenery; and as one of the steamboats came in view, I mentioned that I was going to Geneva the next day to call on a friend, and I hoped it would be fine.

"We want to go to Geneva, too," said the elder lady. "We want to go to the bankers'; besides, we ordered our letters to be addressed there. We expected to have come to Vervay by that route, but we came by Lausanne instead. Do you know of a good place to dine at Geneva?"

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbors on the Rhine, and that from the thickness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their conversation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Banbury—that my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business;" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have everything done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man servant speak French?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too impertinent; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Banbury before, also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named—here I hesitated."

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling these five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them:

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence; he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favorite *protegee* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honor do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half-pay list of the—regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavor to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-house, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Banbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M—— called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable—he had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial, common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved; but there was one chance left; Mrs. M—— had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time,

Geneva! for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbors on the Rhine, and that from the thickness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their conversation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Banbury—that my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business;" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have everything done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man servant speak French?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too impertinent; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Banbury before, also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named—here I hesitated."

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling these five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them:

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence; he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favorite *protegee* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honor do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half-pay list of the—regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavor to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-house, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Banbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M—— called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable—he had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial, common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved; but there was one chance left; Mrs. M—— had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time,

Geneva! for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbors on the Rhine, and that from the thickness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their conversation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Banbury—that my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business;" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have everything done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

"Does your man servant speak French?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, "else he would not have been able to do the business we've employed him in. He's been to Paris and to several places in France to make some inquiries of the greatest importance to us, and he has now been all through Belgium and Germany on the same errand."

I should like to have said, "And has he succeeded in his researches?" but it would have been too impertinent; so I rejoined, "It's very odd, but I think I've met Mr. Banbury before, also. I saw him at Dover. I remember he was at that time making inquiries about a person named—here I hesitated."

"Tapp," said Mrs. Middlemas.

"Yes, I remember it was Tapp," said I.

"He's been travelling these five months to find that man," she rejoined in a tone of vexation. "It is one of the most extraordinary and distressing things," she added, raising her hands.

"Really," I said, in an inquiring voice; for I saw she was half inclined to tell me the story, and I believe I looked as if I should very much like to hear it.

"And what is worse, I have only myself to blame."

In this way we beat about the bush for some time; but before we reached Geneva I was in possession of the following facts, which I shall relate as faithfully as I can recall them:

Colonel Middlemas was a widower, with one daughter, when he met with this lady and married her. His regiment was at that time going to India; and Maria—for she was the daughter—was left behind with an aunt, a sister of her mother's, who greatly desired her company. This arrangement continued for some years; when Colonel Middlemas, finding himself unable to return to England, sent for his daughter to join him. But Maria objected, alleging that India would not agree with her, and that she did not like to leave her aunt. The colonel insisted; and communicated to the aunt, Miss Darnley, besides wishing to see his daughter, there was another reason for his persistence; he had a project of marriage for her—he wished to unite her to a favorite *protegee* of his own; an amiable young man of good family but small fortune, whom he had brought forward, and whom he intended further to advance. "I shall be able to make them both comfortable by this means; and I feel assured I am taking the best step I can to promote my daughter's happiness."

But instead of complying with her father's wishes, Maria now wrote that her affections were irrevocably engaged and her word pledged. That it was therefore useless to put her father to the expense of her voyage to India, as she never should change her mind on this subject; nor could she with honor do it if even she wished it, which she never should, &c. The aunt wrote also to explain that the object of Maria's affections was Captain Tapp; he was on the half-pay list of the—regiment, and she was sorry to say that he had neither family nor fortune to recommend him; but she believed him to be a very amiable man, and well calculated to make Maria happy. At the same time, she owned that she never should have encouraged the attachment had she suspected it in the beginning; but her eyes were not opened till too late. She added, that though it was not such a match as Colonel Middlemas's daughter ought to make, yet happiness was the first consideration; and that as she intended to leave Maria every shilling she possessed, she hoped he would not withhold his consent to their union.

This news was most exceedingly displeasing to Colonel and Mrs. Middlemas; and as he could not leave his post, and she required change of air, it was arranged that she should come to England and endeavor to break off this unpleasant connection, which nothing but the extreme simplicity and inexperience of Miss Darnley, who had passed her life in a country-house, could have countenanced or overlooked.

Accordingly Mrs. Middlemas came to England under the care of the grave Banbury; and after a short sojourn in London, proceeded to the north, determined to use all her own and her husband's influence in opposition to the match. But she found that she had a spirit to deal with that was not to be overcome. Whether it was obstinacy, as Colonel M—— called it, or strength of attachment, as Miss Darnley alleged, certain it was that Maria remained firm as a rock in her resolution to hear of no other suitor but Captain Tapp; which appeared the more extraordinary, as Mrs. Middlemas saw nothing in him to like. He certainly might be amiable—he had no means of knowing whether he was or not, as he was so constrained in her presence that she could form no opinion on that subject; but he had no attractions of person or manner, and he was several years older than Maria; in short, she considered him altogether a very provincial, common sort of person, and one that she was sure Colonel Middlemas would not be pleased to receive or introduce as his son-in-law.

However, Maria was resolved; but there was one chance left; Mrs. M—— had some relations in Paris whom she wished to see; and she determined to take Maria with her there, and try the effect of absence. Besides, the young lady had been living in the country a long time,

Geneva! for we shall not be back here to dinner, I'm told."

"You'll dine much better at the Balance, there," I said. "It's an old-fashioned inn, but good and reasonable. I mean to dine there."

The next day we met on board the steamer, as I expected; and the elder lady and myself soon found ourselves in conversation about our travels. This was what I wanted; and I took occasion to mention that I thought we had been next neighbors on the Rhine, and that from the thickness of the partition, I had been an involuntary hearer of their conversation. She seemed to have no recollection of what had been the subject of that conversation, and only remarked that the partition was very thin, and she hoped they had not disturbed me.

"We were very uncomfortable there," said Mrs. Middlemas (such I found was her name); "for Banbury—that my servant—had not joined us, and I'm never comfortable without him; he's such a faithful intelligent person, and has lived in Colonel Middlemas's family all his life. He came home from India with me, and I never should have thought of travelling without him, only I was obliged to send him away about most particular business;" (here a sigh escaped her); "one feels so helpless when one has always been accustomed to have everything done for one. We have a maid; but she is of no earthly use in travelling, for she can't speak a word of French."

Paris Letter.

SHROVETIDE PROCESSIONS.—AN AWKWARD MISTAKE.—SINGING IN THE HEAVENS.—HALF A LOAF BETTER THAN NO BREAD.—AN OLD FRIENDSHIP.—A GENIE IN DIFFICULTY.

PARIS, Feb. 26, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post: Shrove-Tuesday, as also the two days preceding this ancient festival, is always celebrated in Paris by the time honored promenade of the Fat Ox, the finest animal of its kind procurable for the nonce, and destined to contribute its share of fat beef to the good cheer of the festival.

The supply of meat to the metropolis being a monopoly in the hands of a powerful corporation, with its Syndic, its body of officers, bank, rules and regulations, the choice of the animal promoted to the honor of figuring in the cortege of the Jovial Shrove festival, devolves on the Syndic of the Corporation of Butchers. This functionary accordingly pairs to the Cattle Fair of Poissy, one of the main sources of the supply of meat for the capital, and there selects the finest specimen of the bovine race offered by the graziers. The latter, ambitious of the honor of furnishing the *Beuf Gras*, send their produce of this season, so that the Cattle Fair preceding this festival may almost be considered as an exhibition in the cattle line.

Sometimes as many as three oxen are selected for the promenades, which begin on Sunday, and continue until the evening of Wednesday, when the poor animals, wearied and worried, are converted into beef in the great slaughter-houses outside the city. Formerly, the oxen, adorned with wreaths, ribbons and gilding, and attended by a score of butcher-boys in fanciful costumes, were marched on foot through all the principal streets of Paris; but as this fatigue greatly injured the quality of the meat, besides diminishing the weight of the animals, they are now placed on gaily-decorated cars, and drawn through the town by horses. Three years ago, the *Beuf Gras*, a monstrous white creature, panted under its own weight, fell several times during the march, and it was found necessary to dispatch it at last on the spot where it had fallen, too utterly exhausted to rise again, amidst the crowds who were cheering it on, and no doubt, unwittingly adding to the poor animal's misery by the noise they were making.

Two fine animals have figured in the show of the present week, both raised by a M. Adeline, a great grazer of Normandy, whose name figured conspicuously among the laurels of the late International Cattle-Show. The procession went to the Tuilleries, where the Emperor and Empress appeared on the balcony, and where the grazer, who had raised the cattle, and the butcher who had bought them, were presented to their Majesties. Thence the cattle were taken to the residences of the various members of the Imperial family, the ambassadors, ministers and prelates; going through the principal streets, and receiving the acclamations of half Paris, turned out to witness the spectacle.

An odd story of Grassot, the favorite comic actor, is just going the rounds here, in connection with the dinner parties of the Carnival, and may serve also to illustrate one of the inconveniences of the mode of living adopted here, where, instead of having a house to yourself, you have only a story.

It seems, then, that on the last evening of this festive season, Grassot, who was invited out to dinner, being detained, and finding himself at the door of his friend's house just three quarters of an hour after the time at which the guests were to have sat down to table, he thought of making his entry in some ludicrous manner, so as to insure a pardon for his want of punctuality. Accordingly, on passing through the ante-room, he looked about him for something that might aid him in his project, and espying a broom in one corner of the room, he at once got astride it, the dining-room doors were thrown open by the servant, and in galloped the actor, making the windows clatter with the rebounce of the "click! click! gee-up! gee-up!" with which he urged on his steed in his wild evolutions round and round the table. Surprised at the profound silence with which his guest's entry was received, and stopping suddenly short in his eccentric career, what was his horror at perceiving before him the astonished face of the Marquis de Montalambert—one of the sorriest, most aristocratic, and most sanctimonious of all the sons of the Church—who was giving a grand dinner to his brothers of the French Academy. The unfortunate actor had mistaken the floor. Judge of his feelings as to overwhelping a discovery!

The three days' gaiety of Shrove-tide are the last of the Carnival; and the faithful are now busy existing, in the seclusion of Lent, the fasting and dancing of the last few weeks.

At La Rochelle, the curious appearance known to meteorologists as "parhelia," or mock suns, has been observed; two false suns, somewhat dimmer than the real one, being visible at the same time with the celestial luminary.

But La Rochelle is not the only place that has been favored with a sight of *sky marvels*; for a brilliant comet has made its appearance in the West, at Cherbourg. It is described as having an abundance of "hair," but so "undulose" that it was seen as a "comet" rather than a "comet."

We shall see what comes of the new visitor; meantime, the superstitious have fixed on the 13th of next June as "positively the last" of this poor little world of ours.

The French Government, however, does not seem to share these apprehensions, and is pursuing its views of conquest and colonization in Africa with more vigor than ever. The Kabyles are being driven nearer and nearer the Desert; and the soil of Algeria is to undergo the action of a new arrangement of great importance.

The territory of this rich colony comprises a superficies equal to two-thirds of France, and could easily maintain from eighteen to twenty millions of inhabitants, instead of affording only a precarious existence to a little over three millions, as it now does, under Arab management. The whole territory at present constitutes a vast common, where the various Arab tribes pasture their flocks, at will, no one of them possessing any portion of the soil as its own, or taking any trouble to cultivate it. In order to put an end to this wasteful state of things, it is proposed to give to each Arab tribe, a certain portion of land, which it will choose for itself, and which will become its own inalienable property, to be cultivated, or left open as pasture, at its own pleasure. The rest of the territory will then be assumed as national property by the Government, cut up into lots, and

sold or leased to colonists. Three quarters of the soil will thus be given into European hands, and the prosperity and civilization of the colony it is hoped will make rapid progress. It is said that the Arabs are not unwilling to see the proposed change set on foot; and that they will gladly accept the fee simple of a certain portion of the country in exchange for their present vague tenancy of the pastures that their powerful masters might, they think, wrest from them totally, should such be their good pleasure.

It is believed that the legacy of 8,000 francs a year, mentioned in my last as having been left by Princess Lieven to M. Guizot, was accompanied by a clause requiring that the ex-Minister should keep a carriage with this sum. For the last twenty years, M. Guizot has habitually spent his evenings with the Princess, and since his downfall, she has always sent him home in her carriage, his limited means no longer permitting him to keep a carriage of his own. Fearing that M. Guizot might refuse her request, from motives of delicacy, and yet anxious to secure to him a convenience which his great age now renders doubly useful to him, she wrote, in pencil, an hour or two before her death, these touching words, which she immediately sent to Guizot by her son.

"In the name of our twenty years' friendship, I entreat you, with my last breath, not to refuse your acceptance of the trifling gift which you will find mentioned in my testament. Let me take away with me the pleasant thought of having contributed to the comfort of one to whom I owe so many of the happiest hours of a life now closing."

Such a friendship is equally honorable to both parties; and the most scrupulous delicacy could not hesitate to accept a gift so delicately offered.

Another instance of a friendship which lasted through many years and stood many trials, is that which existed between the famous novelist, De Balzac, and his publisher, M. Hetzel. Of all the intercourse between the two, many odd anecdotes are told; among others, the following, sufficiently characteristic of the author of "Mercurio."

It seems that at one time, De Balzac, who was always in hot water about his pecuniary affairs, owed Hetzel the sum of 1,800 francs. De Balzac had given him a note for the amount, and this note had been due for the fourth time. De Balzac met Hetzel, and at once spoke of the obligation, which the latter—gentle and kindly—would not have ventured to allude to, and told him that he would pay him the amount, next morning, in hard cash, but upon one condition; viz., that Hetzel should come and breakfast with him on trifled fowl and pineapples.

It is pretty well, in these hard times, for a man to pay his debts; but to pay them off in such princely style is indeed magnanimous. Hetzel was quite overpowered by the invitation, but had recovered himself sufficiently, by next morning, to be able to betake himself to the house of the romancer, as invited. Great, however, was the publisher's consternation on entering his friend's dining-room, to find that every bit of furniture was gone, with the exception of two chairs and a table, on which was an earthenware dish of the coarsest kind, containing a single red herring, fried, and spread out in the middle of the dish in solitary glory.

"*Pois!*" exclaimed the disappointed visitor, "a fowl that scarcely looks as though it were fished!"

"And the silver?" groaned De Balzac, as he flourished a horrible pewter fork. "Do you recognize, in these dreadful implements, my beautiful silver plate?" And thereupon he began a long and touching story as to how a creditor, less compassionate than his generous friend, had brutally caused everything in the house to be seized that very morning. "These terrible billings have left nothing in the house but a single, pitiful lefting!" continued the genius with a heart-breaking smile. "If you can make anything out of me, take me; throw me into prison; I am ready to follow you to Clitchey."

The kind-hearted creditor wiped away two tears. "Well, we will make out a renewal of the bill a fourth time, *soilz tout!*" said De Balzac. "You will do me the kindness to grant me another three months!"

"Six months, if you like," returned Hetzel. It would need De Balzac's own pen to record the eloquence of gratitude that he now poured forth in praise of his generous creditor. As for Hetzel, he was so much touched by the scene, that he quite lost his appetite; and he generously left the whole herring to Balzac. Luckily a pen, ink, and paper, had been forgotten by the hapless of the law; with their aid the kind-hearted creditor made out a new note for his illustrious debtor. He then took his leave, and went off, intending to breakfast at some restaurant, and quite affected to think that so great a genius should be in such distress. Before quitting the comfortable dining-room, he delicately offered a couple of loaves of bread to the romancer, for pressing expenses; but these De Balzac heroically refused to accept. As he turned out, he took a cigar from his pocket, and having no alumnettes, he went into the kitchen to get one. But not an alumnette was to be seen; the billiards had cleared out everything, even to the alumnettes.

More than ever distressed at the thought of his friend's destitution, Hetzel hunted in all the corners of the kitchen, trying to find some stray alumnette with which to light his Havana, when, on opening a drawer, he espied, not indeed the alumnette he was faintly hoping to find, but all of De Balzac's silver; a service of the very richest quality!

Hetzel is a noble fellow, generous to the heart's core. He went back to the dining-room, and presented himself before his cross-faces debtor, both hands full of the accusing treasures so unexpectedly discovered. "My friend," said the publisher, in his gentle tones, "your misfortune gained from me a renewal; but your fertility of imagination merits nothing less than a receipt in full. This receipt I hereby give you; take it my friend!" and with that he gave him back the note he had just signed, torn into pieces, turned quietly on his heel, and left the house.

QUANTUM.

God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself pitifully. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness, and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

HUNTING THE TIGER IN INDIA.

FROM A NEW ENGLISH WORK.

No man, on beholding the body of a tiger, can form any conception of the extent of his muscular power. His body seems too long, his legs too short and thick; yet he is a living hurricane, the rapidity of his motion being scarcely surpassed by that of the bullet by which he falls. The tiger is always athirst, not for water, but blood. When the lion has devoured his prey of human flesh, he is appeased and reposes. Not so the tiger. After a hideous repast of bones and mutilated limbs, he begins to feel an appetite, and roams the country in search of a fresh prey and a new feast.

The tiger is seldom more than seven feet in length from the muzzle to the butt of the tail. But some travellers must undoubtedly have seen tigers as large as buffalo. For instance, Monsieur Lalande Magon, who had made frequent voyages to the Cape of Good Hope, has stated that he has measured one which was fifteen feet long. Unfortunately M. Lalande Magon forgot to mention that the tail was included in his measurement. The royal Bengal tiger in the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, measures only seven feet and a half, not including the tail.

While hunting in the neighborhood of Bombay, in the year 1851, I received intelligence that a large tiger had encamped himself about five miles from my bungalow. As it was my first tiger, I was impatient to encounter him, so calling to my aid two very dear friends who were living with me, we set out in all possible haste for the rendezvous. We found the beast lodged in a deep ravine, quietly picking the bones of a wretched Malay, whom he had killed that morning, and of whose corpse he adroitly formed a rampart as he perceived us, carefully watching us from behind it. In our precipitation, or rather in our carelessness of danger—a carelessness which nothing but ignorance could excuse—the only arms we had brought with us were long bow spears, and short heavy hunting knives. With these weapons we considered it would be madness to descend into the ravine where he was banqueting on his horrible food.

The Manchester Mirror says that Mr. Abraham, in this vicinity, were slightly pointed on last Sunday, from drinking coffee made with water drawn from a tea kettle to which the rats had access after eating arsenic. All were sick, but none seriously injured by the dose.

Corr.—The Augusta, Georgia, Constitutionalist states that a gentleman in that city recently made two bets, each of \$25 against \$500, that cotton will sell at thirty cents per pound by the 25th of December next.

The Washington Union (Dem.) says that the Democrats must gain seven members in the thirteen State elections still to be held, in order to have a majority in the next Congress.

The Liverpool Times, of the 25th ult., states, that the house of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., U. S. Consul, had been broken into and plundered of jewelry and other property to a considerable amount. A portion of the stolen property was recovered by the police.

A Negro Slave Traveller.—The Taylorville, New Kent Co., Va., correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, states that Austin, a negro man belonging to George W. P. Curtis, Esq., was tried before the County Court lately for insubordination and an intent to kill Mr. Talferro, who is steward for Mr. Curtis, on the White House estate. He was sentenced to be transported beyond the limits of the United States.

MOBILE PROSPERITY.—The editor of a New Orleans paper states that in some portions of Louisiana and Mississippi, and other States probably also, some of the children of both sexes are in the habit of eating rice, pink clay, salt and other substances, to such an extent as not only to undermine their health, but in some instances to produce death.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FIBER.—Five thousand four hundred Americans have perished in battle, and by fever, in Nicaragua, since Walker's usurpation, and yet he is no nearer establishing his power than the first day he landed upon Nicaraguan soil.

THE COMING CROSS.—The most reliable account from every section of the country gives very encouraging hopes for a bountiful harvest. The growing crops from one end of the country to the other are represented as looking remarkably fine.

A ROYAL LAND WARRANT for one hundred and sixty acres has been issued for George Peabody, the London banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in the year 1812.

MISS AMERICA.—A few days since, two little schoolboys were missing from Winsted, Conn., and fears were entertained that they had been drowned. They were found, however, the same evening, seven miles from home, having fallen into the sea, and having been rescued by "such hard lessons to get," and were afraid of being flogged if they did not get them.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE case has occurred in Boston. The person had resided in Boston for some time, but hearing that the owners were after him, his friends hurried him off.

SUICIDES TO BE SUBJECTS.—The town council of Athens, Ga., have voted that bodies of suicides shall be given to the physicians for dissection.

IN Florida the fruit crop, it is supposed, will be short, on account of the prevalence of unusually cold weather. Most of the young orange trees are killed.

A LEXICOMY.—The New Haven (Conn.) Palladium says that the Rev. Josiah Brown, formerly missionary to Turkey, but recently Principal of a Female Seminary at Middletown, in that State, has by the recent death of a relative, come into possession of property valued at \$150,000.

DRED SCOTT, who is remanded to slavery, by the recent Supreme Court decision, is the slave of one of the Massachusetts M. C.'s, Dr. Charles, through his wife. Dr. C. represents the Springfield District, the Argus of which place states the fact how Scott became Chaffee's slave—by Chaffee marrying the widow of Dr. Emerson, of Missouri. The decision of the bench that Dred Scott was not a citizen of the United States, and could not sue in the Federal Court, has remanded him and his family to the chattelhood of Mrs. Chaffee.

DIED AT THE POST OF DUTY.—It is said that the engineer in charge of the train which was precipitated in the Desjardins Canal, near Hamilton, C. W., whistled "on brakes," and while endeavoring to avert the catastrophe, went down with the engine. Instead of attempting to escape at the first warning, he remained at the post of duty, and sacrificed his life in a noble effort to save others.

MINNESOTA.—Ex Governor Ramsey, in an address at an Agricultural Fair in Minnesota, says there is yet room in that Territory for a million and a half more of farmers. He thinks Minnesota will some day produce more corn and wheat than any other State in the Union.

A CASE involving the question whether a clergyman can marry himself has just been decided in the affirmative in the highest courts of Ireland.

GEORGE SUMNER says in a recent lecture—"The excessive use of salutaris is a cardinal cause of the American ill health. It is deadly poison, the use of which should be shunned as the slaughter of the infant and the destroyer of the strong man."

AAKON A. SANDERS, a young man who shot himself through the head with a pistol, in Marshall, Michigan, left a letter to his friends, saying, "I've got sick of life. There is a God, and He will do what is right about it."

mingled astonishment and rage at the rash intruder. Fielding in a moment saw the fatal error that he had committed. He saw that a royal tiger was not a foe to be approached carelessly, and while trembling at the danger in which he stood, he nevertheless, with his finger on the trigger of his rifle, bravely kept his position.

On his part, the tiger, thinking, perhaps, that if he could avoid the fatal bullet which lay at the bottom of the rifle barrel that followed his every motion, it would be as well, still retreated slowly, always, however, facing his enemies as if he was determined in any event not to die alone. Presently, by these manoeuvres, he found himself in a narrow street of which one end was closed. Fielding was not slow to avail himself of this lucky chance, and taking deliberate aim fired at the tiger. His bullet took effect in the eye, and the wounded animal roared so furiously that the entire crowd tumbled over the other in their hurry to escape, and in less than ten minutes Captain Fielding found himself entirely alone with the savage brute who tore up the ground with his powerful nails while he vainly tried to lick up the blood that flowed from his wound.

Fielding, throwing away his rifle, drew a pistol, while he held a pistol in his left hand. Like a flash of lightning the tiger sprang upon him; the captain, who felt that his life depended on his aim, fired deliberately, just as his antagonist was descending on his shoulders. The ball was fatal, going right to the animal's heart, and with a smothered growl he rolled over on the pavement; but he was avenged. In that brief instant one stroke of his relentless paw had broken the unfortunate officer's neck, and when the cowardly natives returned, the two foes were found dead, within a couple of yards of each other.

NEWS ITEMS.

A KANSAS correspondent of the Cincinnati Gazette says that Gov. Geary has become very unpopular in the Free State men of that State in consequence of his signing all the obnoxious acts passed by the Legislature.

MOKE RAT POISONING.—The Parkersburg (Va.) Courier says: "Mr. Benjamin T. Beeson and family, in this vicinity, were slightly pointed on last Sunday, from drinking coffee made with water drawn from a tea kettle to which the rats had access after eating arsenic. All were sick, but none seriously injured by the dose."

Corr.—The Augusta, Georgia, Constitutionalist states that a gentleman in that city recently made two bets, each of \$25 against \$500, that cotton will sell at thirty cents per pound by the 25th of December next.

The Washington Union (Dem.) says that the Democrats must gain seven members in the thirteen State elections still to be held, in order to have a majority in the next Congress.

The Liverpool Times, of the 25th ult., states, that the house of Nathaniel Hawthorne, Esq., U. S. Consul, had been broken into and plundered of jewelry and other property to a considerable amount. A portion of the stolen property was recovered by the police.

A Negro Slave Traveller.—The Taylorville, New Kent Co., Va., correspondent of the Richmond Dispatch, states that Austin, a negro man belonging to George W. P. Curtis, Esq., was tried before the County Court lately for insubordination and an intent to kill Mr. Talferro, who is steward for Mr. Curtis, on the White House estate. He was sentenced to be transported beyond the limits of the United States.

MOBILE PROSPERITY.—The editor of a New Orleans paper states that in some portions of Louisiana and Mississippi, and other States probably also, some of the children of both sexes are in the habit of eating rice, pink clay, salt and other substances, to such an extent as not only to undermine their health, but in some instances to produce death.

THE ADVANTAGES OF FIBER.—Five thousand four hundred Americans have perished in battle, and by fever, in Nicaragua, since Walker's usurpation, and yet he is no nearer establishing his power than the first day he landed upon Nicaraguan soil.

THE COMING CROSS.—The most reliable account from every section of the country gives very encouraging hopes for a bountiful harvest. The growing crops from one end of the country to the other are represented as looking remarkably fine.

A ROYAL LAND WARRANT for one hundred and sixty acres has been issued for George Peabody, the London banker, for his services as a private soldier in the war with England in the year 1812.

MISS AMERICA.—A few days since, two little schoolboys were missing from Winsted, Conn., and fears were entertained that they had been drowned. They were found, however, the same evening, seven miles from home, having fallen into the sea, and having been rescued by "such hard lessons to get," and were afraid of being flogged if they did not get them.

ANOTHER FUGITIVE SLAVE case has occurred in Boston. The person had resided in Boston for some time, but hearing that the owners were after him, his friends hurried him off.

SUICIDES TO BE SUBJECTS.—The town council of Athens, Ga., have voted that bodies of suicides shall be given to the physicians for dissection.

IN Florida the fruit crop, it is supposed, will be short, on account of the prevalence of unusually cold weather. Most of the young orange trees are killed.

A LEXICOMY.—The New Haven (Conn.) Palladium says that the Rev. Josiah Brown, formerly missionary to Turkey, but recently Principal of a Female Seminary at Middletown, in that State, has by the recent death of a relative, come into possession of property valued at \$150,000.

DRED SCOTT, who is remanded to slavery, by the recent Supreme Court decision, is the slave of one of the Massachusetts M. C.'s, Dr. Charles, through his wife. Dr. C. represents the Springfield District, the Argus of which place states the fact how Scott became Chaffee's slave—by Chaffee marrying the widow of Dr. Emerson, of Missouri. The decision of the bench that Dred Scott was not a citizen of the United States, and could not sue in the Federal Court, has remanded him and his family to the chattelhood of Mrs. Chaffee.

DIED AT THE POST OF DUTY.—It is said that the engineer in charge of the train which was precipitated in the Desjardins Canal, near Hamilton, C. W., whistled "on brakes," and while endeavoring to avert the catastrophe, went down with the engine. Instead of attempting to escape at the first warning, he remained at the post of duty, and sacrificed his life in a noble effort to save others.

MINNESOTA.—Ex Governor Ramsey, in an address at an Agricultural Fair in Minnesota, says there is yet room in that Territory for a million and a half more of farmers. He thinks Minnesota will some day produce more corn and wheat than any other State in the Union.

A CASE involving the question whether a clergyman can marry himself has just been decided in the affirmative in the highest courts of Ireland.

GEORGE SUMNER says in a recent lecture—"The excessive use of salutaris is a cardinal cause of the American ill health. It is deadly poison, the use of which should be shunned as the slaughter of the infant and the destroyer of the strong man."

AAKON A. SANDERS, a young man who shot himself through the head with a pistol, in Marshall, Michigan, left a letter to his friends, saying, "I've got sick of life. There is a God, and He will do what is right about it."

The Dallas Clearinghouse has been considered and approved by the Cabinet at Washington as it passed the Senate. It will be immediately sent to England by special messenger.

The Bank of Newmarket, Pa., has exploded. The cashier has absconded with fifty thousand dollars of the funds of the bank, leaving only four dollars in coin in the vaults to meet liabilities amounting to \$100,000. He was deeply involved in various speculations.

Gov. Geary's resignation has been received by the President. It took effect on the 20th. The Governor has arrived in Harrisburg, and repeated to the editor of the Telegraph, at that place, the same statements made to the editor of the St. Louis Democrat.

SCIENTIFIC SPIRITUALISM.—Luke Hastings, aged 57, committed suicide at Bangor, Me., on the 15th instant, having become insane from spiritualism, or become a spiritualist from insanity.

A sect of religionists has arisen in England calling themselves the disciples. They believe that Christ will appear in 1864, and the Russians will triumph over the Turks, and the Jews over the Russians, and finally the Jews will become again a nation in the Holy Land. Christians are to sleep eternally.

A RISHOT IN PARATHENALIA.—A funny story is told of the way in which even archbishops may be embarrassed by the amplitude of the female fashions of the day. A letter from Milan says that the Archbishop of Milan, meeting the Empress of Austria on the staircase of the Duomo, by some unlucky accident became so entangled in her majesty's drapery as to be excited only by tearing away some coils of the redundant folds, to the lameness diversion of the young and august victim, whose smiles at last lapsing in downright laughter, increased the embarrassment of the venerable prelate.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERY EXCITEMENT.—Late advices from Newfoundland report that a recent movement of England in ceding the fisheries to France is subject to the action of Parliament, and also the Legislature of Newfoundland. This development puts an entirely new phase upon the matter, and as there is no danger of the Newfoundland Legislature agreeing to the proposed transfer of the fisheries, the latter will undoubtedly still remain in the undisputed possession of their present owners.

A wise lady-writer says: "The world stigmatises many a man as wicked, with whom a woman would be but too happy to pass her life."

"A picture is a poem without words."

About four million letters per annum are exchanged between the United States and Great Britain. What a library these letters would form!

"Pray, Mr. Hume," said Lady Wallace, to the philosopher, "when I am asked what is my age, what answer shall I give?"

"Say, madam," replied he, "what I believe will be the truth, that you have not yet come to the years of discretion."

Antimachus, the poet, being deserted by all his hearers, when reading his verse, never Plato, said to him: "I shall proceed, nevertheless; Plato is himself an audience."

Apollonius, the Athenian General, being reproved of the meanness of his birth, by a descendant of the famous Harmonius, answered: "My family begins in me—yours ends in you."

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET, MARCH 23.—The market was dull, with sales of 100 head of cattle, mostly from the West, at 10 to 12 cents per pound. The market was generally quiet, with sales of 100 head

and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted
and selling EVERYWHERE. My agents have cleared over
15,000 selling one of them. Put in 4 stamps, and I will send
you, gratis, 32 pages particulars of the BEST AGENCY in
the country.
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.
feb21-91

and UNEQUALLED INVENTIONS, wanted
and selling EVERYWHERE. My agents have cleared over
15,000 selling one of them. Put in 4 stamps, and I will send
you, gratis, 32 pages particulars of the BEST AGENCY in
the country.
EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass.
feb21-91

Wit and Humor.

How DENNIS WAS SATISFIED.—Dr. Dixon, editor of the New York Scintilla, told the following anecdote in a recent lecture:

The drunken Irishman is always ready for a murdering row. I received a capital illustration of this, a few years ago, that showed forth, in a very ludicrous light, their grand falling; the character of my professional pursuits at times compelling me occasionally to visit their aromatic abodes. I had been officiating on one of those occasions, when another young citizen was to be born, and, overcome by fatigue, I fell asleep in a chair, the closed shutters alone of an old rickety cabin intervening between me and the alley-way which led to the other elements. Footsteps were indistinctly heard at intervals of my slumber, and the neighbors seemed amicably seeking their domicils under varied amounts of the influence of the "craythur." I had slept some time, when I suddenly awoke at the sound of several violent kicks and cuffs accompanied with suppressed gruntings and puffings, without a solitary word on either side; the exercises continued till perhaps a full dozen violent blows had been given, when an interval of profound silence occurred, and I was preparing to open the window and see if the blows had not been mutually fatal; at this moment, however, the parties arose, and after several powerful inspirations and nose-blowings, the conqueror, as it appeared from the nature of the dialogue, addressed his opponent:—

"Well, Dennis, are ye satisfied?"

"Terry, I'm perfectly satisfied."

"Thin, I can do nothing more for ye, Dennis?"

"Nothing more, Terry, thank ye, at this time."

"Well, Dennis, will ye take a drink?"

"Terry, I will."

And both parties walked amicably out of the alley to the grog-shop. What the cause of the quarrel was I never knew, and I think it very doubtful if they ever did.

A WINTER TALK.—County Court was sitting a while ago in —, on the banks of the Connecticut. It was not far from this time of the year—cold weather, anyhow—and a knot of lawyers had collected around the old Franklin in the bar-room. The fire blazed, and mugs of flip were passing away without a groan, when in came a rough, gaunt-looking "babe of the woods," knapsack on shoulder and staff in hand.

He looked cold, and half-permeated the circle that hemmed in the fire, as with a wall of brass, looking for a chance to warm his shins. Nobody moved, however; and unable to sit down, for lack of a chair, he did the next best thing—leaned against a wall "with tears in his fists and his eyes doubled up," and listened to the discussion on the proper way of serving a referee on a warrant deed, as if he was the judge to decide the matter. Soon he attracted the attention of the company, and a young sprig spoke to him.

"You look like a traveller."

"Wall, I s'pose I am; come from Wisconsin s'foot, at any rate."

"From Wisconsin? That is a distance to go on one pair of legs. I say, did you ever pass through a place called the Infernal Regions in your travels?"

"Yes, sir," he answered, a kind of wicked look stealing over his ugly countenance. "I have been through the outskirts."

"I thought likely. Well, what are the manners and customs there? some of us would like to know."

"Oh," says the pilgrim, deliberately, half shutting his eyes, and drawing round the corner of his mouth, till two rows of yellow stubs, with a mass of masticated pig fat appeared through the slit in his cheek, "you'll find them much the same as in this region—the lawyers sit might the fire."

A JUST DECISION.—One night a judge, a military officer, and a minister, all applied for a lodging at an inn where there was but one spare bed, and the landlord was called upon to decide which had the best claim of the three.

"I have lain fifteen years in the garrison at B—," said the officer.

"I have sat as judge twenty years in R—," said the judge.

"With your leave, gentlemen, I have stood in the ministry twenty-five years at N—," said the minister.

"That settles the dispute," said the landlord. "You, Mr. Captain, have lain fifteen years; you, Mr. Judge, have sat twenty years; but the aged pastor has stood five-and-twenty years, so he certainly has the best right to the bed."

SLANG TERMS.—It is astonishing how foreigners are imposed upon by some of our wags.—The other day we saw a little Frenchman, just arrived, who had been taking English lessons, as he informed us, on the voyage, from a fellow passenger. He complained much of the difficulties of our grammar, especially the irregular verbs.

"For instance," says he, "Ze verb to go. Did one ever see one such verb?" And with the utmost gravity he read from a sheet of paper:—I go; Thou departest; He clears out; We out stick; Ye or you make tracks; They abscquatulate. "Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! What disingular verbs you have in your language!"

ONE TOO MANY FOR THE WIDOW.—There is a good story of a handsome Yankee peddler who made love to a young widow down in Pennsylvania. He accomplished his declaration with an allusion to two impediments to their union.

"Name them," said the widow.

"The want of means to set up a retail store."

They parted, and the widow sent the peddler a check for ample means. When they met again, the peddler had hired and stocked his store, and the smiling fair one begged to know the other impediment.

"I have got a wife," was the reply.

FLIPPANCY IN A TENANT.—Landlord—Good morning, Mr. Jones. Pity day, sir. I've taken the liberty of bringing a receipt for the quarter's rent.

Tenant—Rent? Oh, ah! Due last week—you're quick on quarter day, Mr. Brown. By the way, do you know that none of the doors in this house will shut?

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Mrs. PARTINGTON ON THE CURRENCY.—"It's always so," said Mrs. Partington, turning over in her hand a Spanish quarter of a dollar, and like, who was tackling Lion to the clothes basket, lifted up his eyes inquiringly to her face. "It's always so," she continued, "that the mutinous gender is put before the ephemeral. No matter what it's about. If a baby is born into a family, it is Mr. So-and-so's baby—the mother hasn't anything to do about it. She isn't anywhere in courts of law or equity, and her rights is thought no more of than the wind which goes where it listeth. She hasn't nothing to say about the disposition of her property or that of her children, though Heaven knows their disposition would be had enough unless she did have something to do with it. And everything bad is laid against her. Now here is this currency business, as soon as its value is depreciated the women is blamed for it." Like got up and looked at the coin, and thought how many marbles, and how many peanuts, and how many oranges, and how many sticks of molasses candy it would buy, and asked her if it wasn't a good one. "Yes," replied she; "it is good as far as it goes, and this is the mischief of it—when it was worth twenty-five cents it was said to be *par* value, and now that it is cut down it is *mar* value. It's always so about everything. There ain't nothing like justice ever done to the women." She dropped the coin into her pocket, and it jingled merrily among the keys and the seven copper cents and the old silver thimble and the scissors and the knitting sheath and the steel spectacle case, as if it were not a poor depreciated thing at all, but were yet a full quarter. And like thought out this moral from it with the help of Lion: That though the world depreciate as twenty per cent, we should feel just as happy with a self consciousness of *par* value at heart, and jingle on merrily along the old copper or brass that may be around us.—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

THE REPORT COURTESY.—Chesterfield was at a rout in France where Voltaire was one of the guests. Chesterfield seemed gazing about the brilliant circle of ladies. Voltaire accosted him:—

"My Lord, I know you are a judge; which are the more beautiful, the English or the French ladies?"

"Upon my word," replied Chesterfield, with his usual presence of mind, "I am no judge of paintings."

Some time afterwards Voltaire, being in London, happened to be at a nobleman's party with Chesterfield; a lady in the company, prodigiously roused, directed her whole discourse to Voltaire, and engrossed his whole conversation. Chesterfield came up, tapped him on the shoulder, and said:—

"Sir, take care that you are not captivated."

"My Lord," replied the French wit, "I scorn to be taken by an English craft under French colors."

THE CLERGYMAN'S CHOICE.—A clergyman once asked a parishioner for a chicken. "Take your choice from that brood, sir," was the reply. His pastor made choice of the handsomest one. On another occasion, the parishioner stood looking into the minister's hen-coop.

"What have you got there," said he.

"A nest," said the clergyman.

"A nest, for what?"

"Why, for that chicken to lay her eggs in, one of these days."

"Nonsense, sir. That chicken will never lay an egg."

"Ah! how so?"

"Why, the chicken you selected is a young rooster, sir!"

BENEFITS.—"March is always a turning point with me," said Mrs. Battlegash, reflectively, "and I've always noticed that if I managed to live through March, I was pretty sure of living all the rest of the year." This reminds us of the old sexton down at Salem, who said that he had become so accustomed to the sound of his bell, that if he was over to Marblehead and heard it, he would know that he was not ringing it. It also suggests that other story of the youngster who remarked that though his sister was homely now, there had been a time when she was handsome as ever she was!

THE PLAY ACTOR'S EXCUSE.

One evening, when Pizarro was announced as the play, there was a considerable delay in commencing, in consequence of one of the performers being absent; the audience became impatient, when John Kemble (Rolla) came forward, and delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, at the request of the principal performers in the play of this evening, I am to inform you that the person absent is Mr. Emery. The house received this explanation without any disapprobation or otherwise, (Emery at this period, although a very pathetic actor had not arrived at the summit of excellence, and on this evening the part of the sentinel was given to him.) Scarcely had Mr. Kemble quitted the stage, when, dressed in a great coat, dirty boots, and a face red with haste, and wet with perspiration—on rushed the culprit. Emery stayed some moments before the audience, apparently much agitated, and at length delivered himself to this effect: "Ladies and gentlemen, this is the first time I have ever had to appear before you as an apologist. As I have been the sole cause of the delay in your entertainment, allow me shortly to offer my excuse, where, I am sure, I shall obtain an acquittal, especially from the fair part of this brilliant audience. Ladies, (for you I must particularly address), my wife— and I—(thunders of applause interrupted the apology; and I ran for the doctor.) "You've said enough," exclaimed a thousand tongues. "I could not leave her, ladies, until I knew that she was safe." "Bravo, Emery, you've said enough!" was re-echoed from all parts of the house. Emery was completely overpowered; and after making another ineffectual attempt to proceed, retired, having first placed his hand on his heart, and bowed gratefully to all parts of the house. The play proceeded without interruption, but it appeared Emery had not forgotten his obligation to Kemble, for in that scene, before the prison scene, in which Rolla tries to corrupt the sentinel by money, the following strange interruption occurred in the dialogue.

Rolla.—Have you a wife?

Sentinel.—I have.

Rolla.—Children?

Sentinel.—I had two this morning—I have got three now.

Rolla.—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

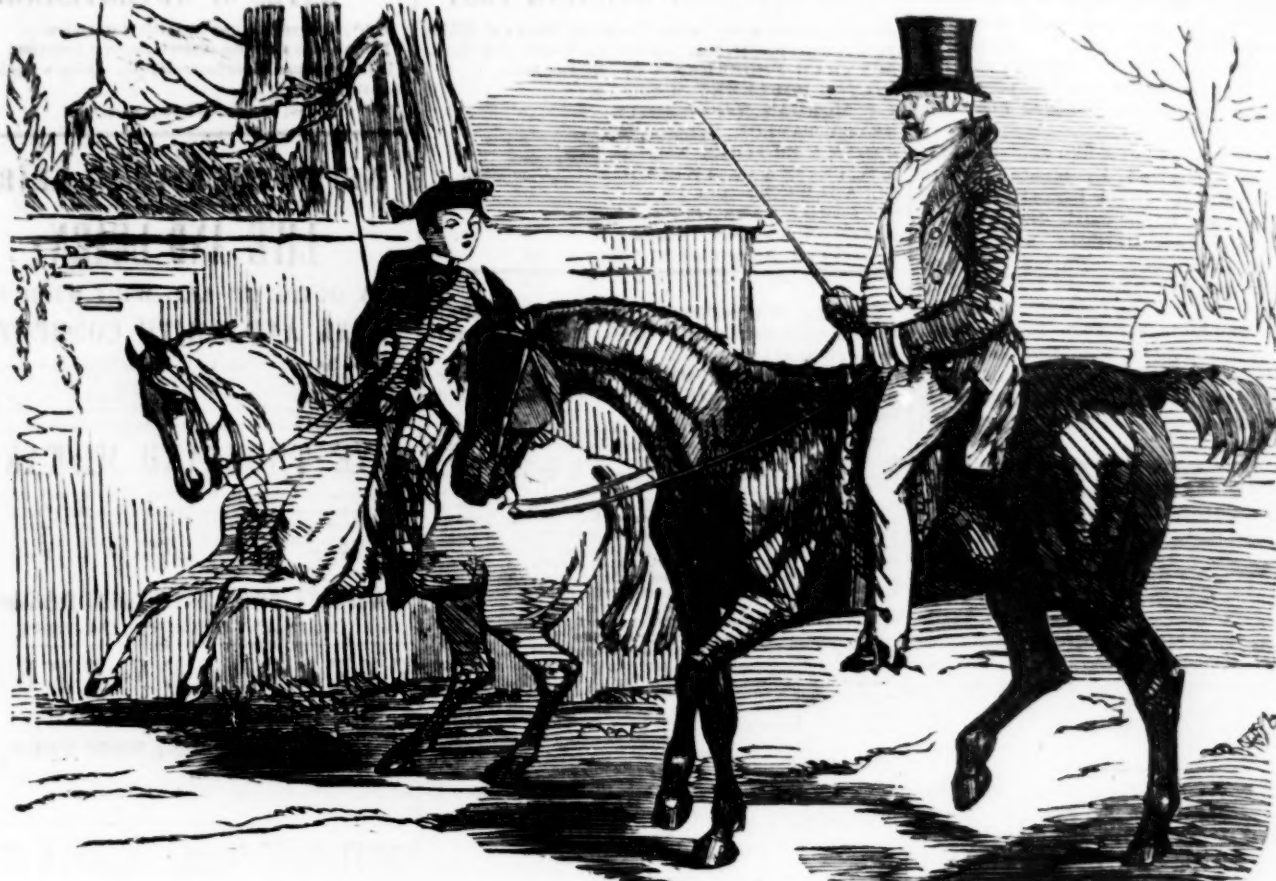
Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]

Landlord—New House, you know, sir. Must have time to settle.

Tenant—And so must I, Mr. Brown. Good morning. [Exit Landlord, unpaid but unconcerned.]



YOUNG AMERICA.

FRANK.—"I say, Grandpa! Haven't you got some chaps coming to grub with you to-day?"

GRANDPA.—"Eh! What? Some gentlemen are coming to dine with me to-day, sir, if that's what you mean?"

FRANK.—"Hah! Same thing! Well, look here! Your cook isn't a great hand at a salad—now that's a thing I datter myself I understand better than most men—so, if you like, I'll mix you one?"

Agricultural.

STABLE MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

It is one thing to know how to use a horse, but it is another thing to know how to take care of him. A stable horse needs special care and attention. His feeding must be as regular as the measurement of the hours. When a change of feed is made it must be done with great care—giving small allowances at first until the stomach becomes used to the change. He must be cleaned every day; and when we say *cleaned*, we mean all that can be conveyed by that word. A good curry-comb, brush, and an oiled wooden cloth, are the utensils necessary. First take the curry-comb and begin at the top of the neck, back of the ears, working the hand both ways. Proceed in this way till you have gone over the entire body and legs. Then take both comb and brush, and follow the comb with the brush, and after every other stroke, draw the brush across the teeth of the comb to clean it. An experienced groom will do this instantaneously. This done take your cloth and lay the coat, and remove the dust which adheres to the outside. The face and ears must also feel the brush.

Few men know how to clean a horse properly. If the above directions are followed daily, your horses will enjoy good health generally. Stabled horses must be exercised daily. This is absolutely essential to good health. If the feet of your horse are brittle and are liable to break and crack, they must be well oiled once a week. A horse thus treated will always be ready to go when wanted, and you will not be ashamed either to ride or drive him.

Another thing quite as important is the clean and well ventilated stable. We cannot excuse any farmer or horse owner, who does not clean his stables twice a day. A stable should be so constructed as to have a wide passage way or floor in front to feed from. Above the manger a space should be left a foot or two in width clean, and the passage way should be the avenue for the supply of fresh air to the nostrils of the horse.

A horse enjoys a good bed, and it should never be refused him. At night, take your fork and make it up light and you will feel amply rewarded for the humane treatment you have given your beast.—*Prairie Farmer.*

HOGS, AND THEIR METHOD OF TREATMENT.—The hog is one of the greatest of dandies, so far as keeping himself clean is concerned, and unless he has some disease of the skin, or it is extremely hot weather, he will not, of his own accord, bury himself in the mire; and the opinion frequently entertained, that he fats best in the mud, is wrong. Give him a good bed, or dry, clean place to feed on, and he will not only keep himself clean, but will fat faster, with at least one-quarter less feed, than when fed in the mud; and what is of still more consequence, the flesh is healthy, and better for the use of man. I have been a breeder and raiser of pork for many years, and frequently notice that a great many farmers think that, to fatten their hogs, they must confine them in six by eight pens, and let them, frequently, be in mud up to their knees. All wrong! It is an old tradition, handed down from their fathers, like carrying a stone in one end of the bag.

Poor fellows, shut up in that manner, a cold night comes, and their squealing wakes up the farmer, as he lies in his warm bed. He complains of the hogs, and says, "I'll get another breed next year." Instead of changing the breed, give them a good bed, regular feed, as we said before, and a little more room for exercise, and they will stop their squealing, and fatten faster. One thing more. I have never known sows that were allowed to run in the woods or fields, to devour their own offspring, although I frequently have, when they were confined in pens.—*Cur. Ohio Farmer.*

GROUND OATS FOR HORSES.—Ground oats contain more of the nutritious or flesh-making principle, than any other kind of horse food; at the same time they furnish a mixture of coarse and fine food—the husk for the first and the meal for the latter. The coarse serves to keep the bowels in a soluble condition, thus obviating the necessity for drastic medicine.

HOLLOW TREES.—When trees have small decayed hollows, scoop out all the rotten wood down to the quick, get the hollow clean, and then fill in with lime and clay well worked together, or with any sort of cement; taking care that the exposed part is quite smooth and slopes downwards so as to shoot off water.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

FARMERS, NOTE THIS.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer, to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their holes nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a clear day to the farmer. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain, some cloudy mornings; and fifty years' observation has shown the writer of this, that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.—*English Paper.*

DIGGING WELLS IN QUICKSAND.—The following mode is described by a correspondent of the Michigan Farmer, and is simple and ingenious in the construction of the curb:—

When they came to the water, as was always the case there on the openings, they found an abundance of quicksand. So to stop that out they went to the woods and cut a white oak tree about three feet over, and cut off three feet of the butt, then marked off about three inches thick around the outside, and split it off into pieces like stave bolts, being careful to number them so as to set them up just as they grew; then took them home, set them up, hooped them together—having first chamfered off the outside so as to sharpen the lower end, then let them down into the well, and drove them down into the quicksand, a little at a time, being careful to keep them to their natural place, dipping out the sand from the inside, and thus settling them down till the top was even with the water.

Thus we calculated we had a foundation as firm as a rock, and as durable as the everlasting hills; for being under water it would never rot, and the thickness of the staves would prevent them from ever moving from their place. It kept the sand out perfectly, the water came in from the bottom, and after the first six months, was as clear as the crystal fountain.

WORMY APPLES.—Eliza Cross writes as follows to the Country Gentleman:—

"Having been troubled with wormy apples for the last fifteen years, I thought I would try an experiment on one tree this season, to see if I could not stop those marauders in their wild career. I took half-a-dozen quart porter bottles, and filled each half full of sweetened water. I then suspended them from the branches of the tree in the following manner: I tied leather straps three-fourths of an inch wide around the branches, to prevent them from being girdled; to these leather straps I tied hemp strings, to which I attached the bottles, leaving them open to allow millers to enter. I let the bottles remain in this situation five or six weeks, and on taking them down and emptying them, I found the miller had entered in numbers, and were drowned in the liquid. In one bottle I counted fifteen—in another forty."

"I had twelve bushels of sound, wormless apples, while the fruit on other trees not experimented upon was wormy."

HAY FOR COWS IN SUMMER.—An observing, intelligent and successful farmer informs us that he is in the practice of feeding his cows in summer, particularly if the season is such as to afford lush pastures. His reason is, that a full, rapid, and vigorous growth of grass gives to cattle, that feed upon it, a desire for something to absorb the excess of the juice of their food. Dry hay they devour greedily; and, though in ever so small quantities, evidently with the most beneficial effects. Every farmer must have observed that in dry seasons, horses, cattle and sheep keep in good condition upon herbage parched and apparently scant, while in wet season, in all pastures, though always full, the process of fattening with them was slow. Dry fodder in such cases is required to give substance and tenacity to the green, and can be profitably used by feeding it to cattle.—*Newburg Telegraph.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

FARMERS, NOTE THIS.—In a cloudy morning, it is a matter of importance to the farmer, to know whether it will be sunshiny or showery in the afternoon. If the ants have cleared their holes nicely, and piled the dirt up high, it seldom fails to bring a clear day to the farmer. Spider-webs will be very numerous about the tops of the grass and grain, some cloudy mornings; and fifty years' observation has shown the writer of this, that these little weather-guessers seldom fail in their predictions of a fair day.—*English Paper.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

SETTING OUT PEARS.—In setting out pears, a good mellow clay loam is one of the best soils for them. Here, where pear trees are of the largest size, the bottom soil is a strong clay, and we have generally noted that both plums and pears grow best where the clay is strongest. Such ground, however, should be made deep by ploughing, in fact, the ground for an orchard should be trenched ploughed as deeply as possible before a tree is planted. Then let the holes be dug to the depth of three feet, and filled with a mixture of good loam and compost, composed in part of marsh muck or decayed leaf mould, and there is little fear of the trees thriving. How long pear trees would last on the burr oak soil such as is above mentioned, would have to be determined by a dual experiment. Theory won't settle such questions.—*Michigan Farmer.*

The Riddler.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 66 letters.

My 11, 36, 52, 62, 64, 65, 66, was the ancient name for the Mores.

My 1, 49, 62, 63, 64, was the goddess of the Roman Pantheon.

My 4, 7, 25, 26, 46, 51, 52, 53, 54, was a tyrant of Sicily.

My 6, 16, 25, 27, 49, 62, was a Roman actor.

My 23, 5, 7, 14, 13, 42, 47, was a celebrated philosopher of ancient descent.

My 66, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, was